



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

BIOGRAPHY
OF
REV. W. H. GRISWOLD.

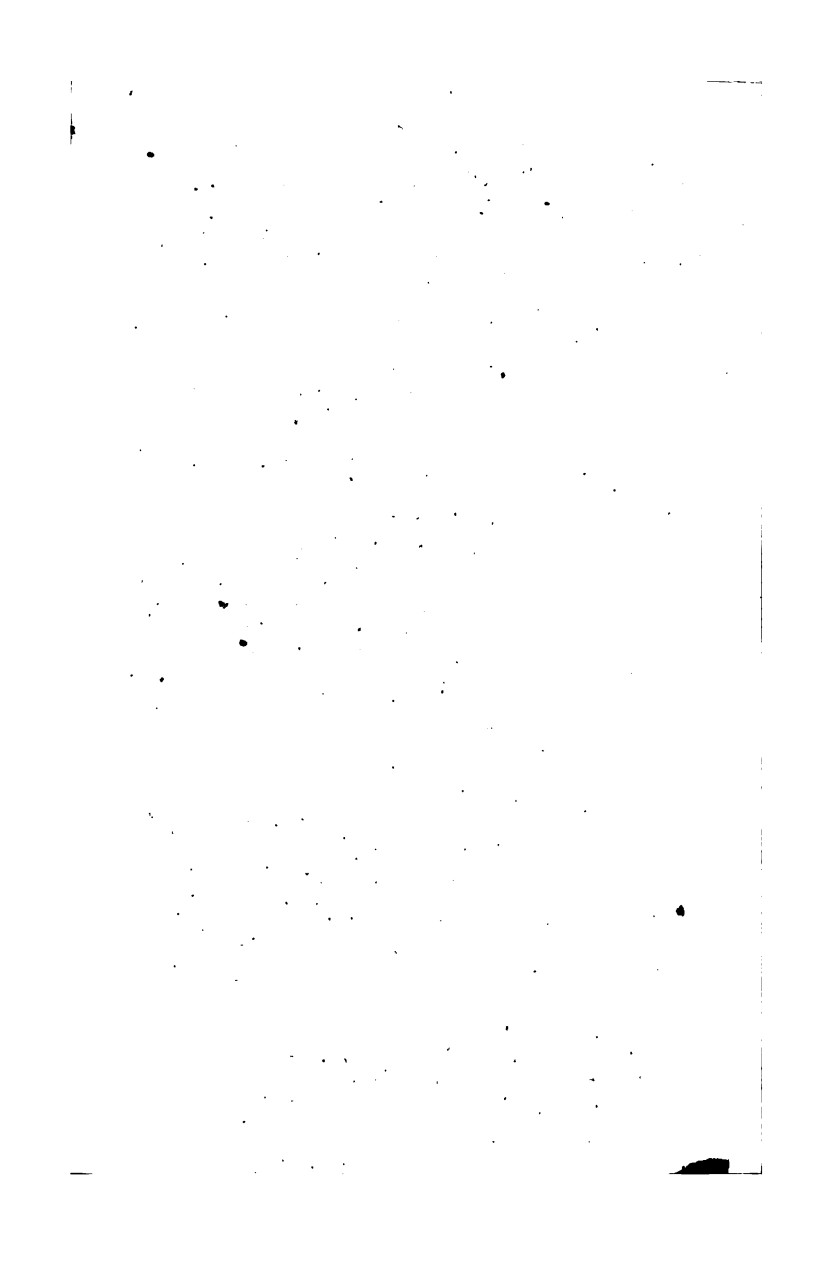
BX
9969
.G7
S6
COP.1

Howard Crosby

HARVARD DIVINITY SCHOOL
ANDOVER-HARVARD THEOLOGICAL
LIBRARY



From the collection
of the
UNIVERSALIST HISTORICAL
SOCIETY







1. The first part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the United States. It is argued that a knowledge of the past is essential for a full understanding of the present and for the development of a sound policy for the future. The author points out that the study of history is not merely a collection of facts and dates, but a process of critical thinking and analysis. It is through the study of history that we can learn from the mistakes of the past and avoid them in the future.

2. The second part of the paper discusses the role of the government in the development of the United States. It is argued that the government has played a crucial role in the development of the country, from the establishment of the Constitution to the present day. The author points out that the government has been responsible for the creation of the federal system, the establishment of the courts, and the development of the economy. It is through the government that we have been able to achieve the progress and prosperity that we enjoy today.

3. The third part of the paper discusses the role of the individual in the development of the United States. It is argued that the individual has played a crucial role in the development of the country, from the early settlers to the present day. The author points out that the individual has been responsible for the creation of the federal system, the establishment of the courts, and the development of the economy. It is through the individual that we have been able to achieve the progress and prosperity that we enjoy today.

4. The fourth part of the paper discusses the role of the future in the development of the United States. It is argued that the future is a time of great opportunity and challenge. The author points out that the future will be a time when we will have to deal with the problems of the present and the future. It is through the study of history that we can learn from the mistakes of the past and avoid them in the future.

BIOGRAPHY

OF

REV. W. H. GRISWOLD.

BY H. B. SOULE.

=

UTICA:

A. WALKER, 30 GENESEE STREET.

1845.

BX
9969

.G7

SL

cop. 1

PREFACE.

THE following Biographical Sketch was originally and hastily prepared for the columns of the Evangelical Magazine and Gospel Advocate, without any intention on the part of the author that it should ever be placed before the public in its present form. It was written at a late hour of the night, in moments stolen from needed repose, and when fatigued with the toils of a laborious profession; and was designed as a brief and humble tribute to the memory of its lamented subject, with whom the author had passed many of the most happy hours of his life. Since it has been deemed worthy of being published in the more enduring form of the present little volume, he hopes it may more successfully fulfil its mission; and also that it may exert a salutary influence on those into whose hands it may fall, who are struggling with difficulties and discouragements in life. And likewise that it may lead all who shall read it, to feel a deeper and truer sympathy for the unfortunate and afflicted.

PREFACE.

The volume has been printed, without any revision by the author, and almost without his knowledge, from the columns of the *Magazine and Advocate*, and there occur some repetitions—some notes that appear rather odd—and some strange typographical errors. The most important of the typographical errors, the reader will meet with on pages 3, 6, 26, 31, 33, 46, 59.

Boston, May 15, 1845.

REV. W. H. GRISWOLD.

CHAPTER I.

WILLIAM HENRY GRISWOLD was born in Windsor, Hartford county, Conn., on the — day of September, 1813.* He was the son of George and Eunice Griswold, and the youngest of seven children. When he was about four years of age, his father removed with his family from Windsor to Turin, Lewis county, New York. At that time, the section of country in which this family fixed their residence, was new, and possessed but few conveniences and comforts except the supply of the mere physical wants. The inhabitants were few in number and widely separated from each other. Religious worship could hardly be maintained, as a thing of regular occurrence, from Sabbath to Sabbath, except by some such arrangement as that adopted by the Methodists in their circuits. And thus preaching was only occasional, except with the denomination just mentioned; the consequence was, that by far the larger portion of the people, old and young, was at-

* I have not been able to ascertain precisely the day on which Mr. Griswold was born, but I am of opinion that it was in the latter part of September. To all letters of inquiry on this and some other subjects, I have received no answers.

tached in interest and feeling to "the Methodist meeting." Surrounded by such circumstances, and growing up amidst such influences, it was natural that Mr. Griswold should be Methodistic in his views, and should seek among the members of that communion, or at least among its friends, the objects of his religious association. He never, however, became so much engaged in Methodism as to be induced to unite with the church, although, (as I have often heard him say,) he frequently had serious thoughts doing so, until after he met with some of the teachings of Universalism.

The advantages of education afforded in that new and thinly populated section of the country, were, as a matter of course, very few in number and ordinary in quality. A common school was indeed there; but it only professed to teach very imperfectly, Reading, Writing, Arithmetic and Geography. In this school Mr. Griswold acquired a sufficient knowledge of the branches taught, to enable him to transact the usual business of ordinary life. He was, however, not limited in the sources of his knowledge to the district school. From his father, who was well educated, and had been for several years the teacher of a public school in Connecticut, he received important aid in the cultivation and storing of his mind. It was the custom of his father, to spend his evenings at home and read aloud to his family—to such of them, at least, as were not so employed as to prevent them from giving their attention. In this way he placed be-

fore the minds of his children; the contents of all the books and papers which himself—who was a great reader—read during the year.—He kindly indulged them, on any subject which they did not fully understand, to ask him such questions concerning it as they pleased; which he answered in the plainest and most familiar manner possible. Besides, when he had finished a book or article, it was a general rule with him to question them concerning its contents, with much particularity and minuteness. All this was profitable to his son, and stored his mind with a large amount of general information, of which he must otherwise have long remained ignorant. Those who were acquainted with the subject of this sketch, and knew in what part of the country and in what business he spent the early part of his life, were often astonished at the extent and accuracy of his information on almost every subject. But this custom of his father, of reading and conversing familiarly with his children every evening, offers a reasonable and sufficient explanation of the phenomenon; and might at the same time afford some useful suggestions to many parents in our land.

To the same cause Mr. Griswold was more or less indebted, for the change which took place in his religious feelings, and, at length, in his views. A short time before he left his father's house as an apprentice, his father commenced taking the 'Magazine and Advocate,' (published at Utica, N. Y.,) and read it in connection with the Bible, to his family. "And here

it was," says Mr. Griswold in a note to a sermon on the duties of parents, "that I received my first impressions of Universalism.—Though they were not very strong, they yet wrought an immediate change in my feelings; and my attachment to Methodism began to weaken; I began to feel towards mankind differently; a different interest in religion was awakened in my heart, from what I had ever felt before; and I bought me a pocket Bible which I always carried with me for several years. But I was not yet a Universalist; I began to see that the sun was in the heavens, though I only caught now and then a faint glimpse of his beams; and it was not until several years later that I saw him in his splendor. But my first impressions never forsook me."

At the age of fifteen Mr. Griswold left home and went to Watertown, N. Y., as an apprentice to the carpenter's and joiner's trades—for in the country these trades are usually united in the same person—and entered upon his duties, as such, under the direction of his brother, Sidney Griswold. But this connection was of short continuance, being broken up by the death of his brother, which occurred in about six months. He then entered into a similar engagement with a Mr. Gleason, but he also died in a short time. After indulging, for a season, the feelings consequent upon a series of disappointments, fluctuating between hope and despair, he applied to a Mr. Kilburne, who at length received him into his service. It

was while in the employ of this man, that he received the injury that finally resulted in the extreme deformity of his person, and from which he never recovered.

Before the occurrence of this melancholy accident, he possessed an unusually good form, being about five feet and eleven inches in height, and every way well proportioned.—Those who never saw him until after “his shape deform” had fastened itself upon him, can hardly realize that he was once a tall, straight, well-built man, with an easy, graceful movement; that he, in a word, possessed a commanding figure. Yet such was the case. To what changes is man subject in this mortal state!

Mr. Griswold was a man of great activity, and lived under the dominion of a strong ambition; whatever, therefore, he undertook, engaged to their utmost capacity every faculty and power he possessed; and he was never satisfied until the thing which engaged his attention, was done precisely to suit his notion. This feeling in the later years of his life, when his feeble health prevented close application and continued severe exertion, occasioned him frequent and great mortification; though during the last two years, he seemed to get the mastery of it and keep it under far more tolerable subjection. It was done, however, only through a series of trying misfortunes.

The injury which caused the deformity of his person, was occasioned by carrying a large, heavy plank, lying flat on his shoulders and

bending his body forward so as to bring great pressure on the chest. After carrying it some distance, and when well nigh exhausted, he attempted to rise up a high step; placing one foot on it, he gave with the other a violent spring, to assist him in raising the plank, when he felt a giving away in the chest, as though the breast-bone or sternum had parted, and fell to the earth with the weight he was carrying resting on him. Assistance was at hand, but when they relieved him from his oppression he was unable to stand. Upon examination it was found that both the chest and spine were seriously injured. But he was again soon able to be about, when he unfortunately took cold, which, naturally, determined to the parts affected. His lungs were likewise involved, and a hoarse, raking cough ensued. In this situation he was removed to Turin, and placed under the care of his mother. His father was dead, his death occurring soon after that of his brother Sidney.

It was a long time that his case was regarded as a hopeless one, the physician's all giving him over as beyond the reach of medicines. But a different lot than death was assigned him; and after a confinement of several months, during which every day was expected to be the last, he began slowly to recover, and in a few weeks was again able to engage in business. But the sad work of deformity was commenced; he was bent forward and experienced much weakness in the chest and upper part of the spine. His ambition and the hope

that exercise would be beneficial, induced him to join a party who were going to Detroit, (Michigan,) to labor on the market then building. This was in the autumn of 1833.

But he was again doomed to disappointment; for he was severely ill most of the time during the winter, and suffered much both from pain and the want of attention. He appealed in vain to medical remedies—they brought him no relief—like the woman in the Gospels, he “grew nothing better but only worse;”—and when the spring opened he returned home, “the very wreck of his former self.” The warm weather of the early summer seemed to bring with it a salutary influence and he grew some better, so much so as to think himself strong enough to labor at his trade. Accordingly he took a small job of work; but he was never able to finish it. As the cool weather of autumn approached he fell again into decline, and by the advice of his friends went to Utica and placed himself under the care of Dr. Morrison,* from whom he received no benefit, but declined more rapidly than before taking his medicines. Disheartened, he again set out for home, feeling that at best he had but a short time in this world.—When he reached his mother’s he was no lon-

* Mr. Griswold afterwards wrote a satirical poem on Dr. Morrison, who rendered him no aid but taxed him enormously for his medicines, notwithstanding he had very solemnly promised to graduate his charges by the amount of good he should effect. The poem I have not succeeded in finding; and although I have often heard him repeat it, I can not now quote it from memory. It had one merit, that of being what it professed, a satire.

ger able to walk, and in a few days was confined to the bed, where he remained, without an hour's relief, for the space of ten months.

During this long period of the keenest physical suffering, he occupied his mind with reading the Bible and the Magazine and Advocate, and writing now and then in pencil a brief article—some of which he afterwards published—and in conversation with his neighbors on the subject of religion—who were very officious and troublesome in their endeavors to convert him. While in Watertown he attended on the ministry of Rev. Pitt Morse, but was never fully established in the doctrines of Universalism. He always carried his Bible in his pocket, and would frequently argue in defence of that faith; but he did so more for the purpose of learning the proofs on which Orthodoxy is rested, than because he believed the doctrines he defended. His sympathies, even at this time, were all on the side of Universalism; but he possessed a somewhat peculiar mind, and could receive no doctrine which could not be distinctly and clearly proved. He had seen enough of Universalism to be not only interested, but strongly inclined to believe it, as soon as it should be demonstrated to him. As yet he had not become sufficiently acquainted with its proofs, to be entirely satisfied of its verity. There were many points on which he had received little or no light, and at times they seemed to throw in his way very difficult if not insuperable objections.

While, however, he was engaged with the

Bible, though not able to be even turned in bed, some one brought him "Ballou's Treatise on the Atonement." This was very opportune, for it brought him aid on the very points on which he needed assistance. After reading it in connection with the Bible, and satisfying himself on those subjects on which he had been in doubt, he openly, and there on what was at the time thought to be his death-bed, declared his faith in the doctrines of the Restitution; and in the fulness of its blessedness lifted up his voice, for the first time in his life, in prayer. Thus his faith was born in adversity, and it did for him what nothing else could in the trials and misfortunes through which he afterwards passed—made him a good man and a patient Christian.

At the expiration of nearly a year's confinement, his strength began to recruit, and in the course of a few weeks he was able to move about with the aid of crutches; but in form he was sadly changed, being now but a trifle more than four feet in height and almost bent double; his limbs out of proportion, in length, to his body, and presenting to a stranger a figure very uncomely. He was weak and remained so ever after, and also experienced great trouble from shortness of breath. But his mind came out of the ordeal unimpaired, and being obliged to keep himself in the house and quiet, he employed nearly all his time in reading and study. During the winter of 1835-6 he taught a school in his own house, the district school house having been burned. This

was rather too laborious for him, but he succeeded in discharging the duties of the teacher to the satisfaction of both patrons and scholars. The ensuing summer he remained at home with his mother, kept a small dairy, and superintended the operations on the farm. These required not a great deal of attention, and occupied only a portion of his time; the remainder he continued to devote to reading, and every book or paper that came in his way, was devoured.

But another bitter cup was now to be presented to his lips, in the death of his mother, whose decease occurred on the 18th day of November, 1836. This afflictive blow left him a feeble being almost alone in the world; one sister only remaining who could afford him any consolation and sympathy. He had one brother still living, but he had long been, and still remains, the pitiable victim of hopeless insanity.

Mr. Griswold now resolved to try the experiment of obtaining a thorough education. It was doubtful whether he could endure the application necessary, but a trial would decide it. Besides, he felt not a little embarrassment in going among strangers, on account of his infirmity. He was sensitive, and it gave him great pain to be conscious that any one particularly noticed the form of his person; much more if they indulged jesting at his expense on account of his deformity. Often when his feelings suffered from this cause, he would remark in a most touching tone:—"O that I were

as I once was; then without half the merit I should be thought better of than I now am. My misfortune which makes me weep, but makes the rest of the world laugh. I have no *body*, only the mis-shapen wreck of one, and what does the world care about mind! It thinks far more of the gilded frame than it does of the picture it encloses. But there is no way but to bear it—yes, *bear*, that is now the business of life with me; and what is worse, I must do it alone—nobody will share the misfortune with me.” Such language he would sometimes indulge for an hour, and it was a long time before he could rise above it.

Soon after the death of his mother, he sold his farm, and made arrangements for spending several years at school; and in December, 1836, entered Clinton Liberal Institute as a student.

Such are all the facts which I have been able to collect, relating to the life of Mr. Griswold, previous to the time of his becoming a member of the Clinton Liberal Institute.

CHAPTER II.

In December, 1836, Mr. Griswold commenced the life of the student. It was in many respects entirely a new business to him ; but he entered upon it with as much earnestness and zeal, as though he possessed a strong and unimpaired constitution. Urged on by a strong ambition and the desire to compensate with intellectual attainments the loss of a prepossessing personal appearance, he undertook, in the outset, several difficult and laborious studies—by far too much for his strength. The advice of friends, which certainly was needed and was timely given, availed nothing ; he would not be dissuaded from the prosecution of his plans. The result was, as might be expected, that for a considerable portion of the time during the first year, he was unable to do any thing. He applied himself so constantly and severely as to induce a species of vertigo, or swimming of the head, whose visitations he was obliged to endure almost daily for several months. His friends regarded the circumstance as not a little alarming ; but he treated it as a light matter, and said he should be better of it soon.

But he labored also under another difficulty ; he was afflicted once or twice, and sometimes

thrice, a week with faintness, followed immediately by a deathly nausea, which rendered him perfectly miserable for six or eight hours. This affliction, which he used to term his "sick turns," he never got entirely rid of; but after 1840 he suffered from it but seldom.

These debilitating influences, added to the physical weakness which already was hardly sufficient to enable him to perform the daily tasks of the student, rendered him so exceedingly feeble, that it seemed impossible to all about him, for him to continue his studies.— But he loved the discipline of study and the knowledge which it brings, and was never for a moment discouraged, or regretted having adopted the purpose of getting an education, which would, to some degree, introduce him to the world of science and letters. He would sometimes say, that another day was gone, yielding him no benefit; or that he must lose another day, for he began to feel ill. During the first few months of his connection with the Institute, when he was conscious that one of his "sick turns" was approaching, he was often fretful, querulous, and complained of the hardness of his lot. This could not, however, be considered as a thing peculiar to him; for few men are there, who would suffer as constantly and severely as he did, and not utter bitterer and louder complainings than were ever heard from him.

But the teachings of experience eventually operated a salutary effect upon him, and he came to task himself with the prosecution of

fewer studies at a time. This deduction from the unwise and extravagant sum of mental labor which he had imposed upon himself, proved very beneficial to his health; he gained in strength; was troubled less frequently with vertigo and faintness, and was more cheerful and buoyant in spirit; though he was still very far from freedom from pain; indeed, he never again enjoyed that boon, for he was a sufferer to the end of his days. Whatever he accomplished, was done in the midst of suffering. In a note to one of his sermons I find this language:—"Midnight.—I have just finished this poor sermon; I could not make it better, for the pains of my body distract the thoughts and embitter the feelings of my soul. I have wept often while writing it; but these tears are not those of feeling, of deep religious emotion, to which, I trust, I am not altogether a stranger; but they are tears wrung out by the anguish of my poor crazy body. And so it is; I have never written a sermon without more or less of this same bodily suffering, and—but I can never hope to be pangless till I am bodiless. I will see if Morpheus has any anodyne!"

During the greater part of the first year of his stay in Clinton, Mr. Griswold boarded in the family of Rev. S. R. Smith, and in company with Mr. J. T. Goodrich occupied his study. Here he enjoyed many privileges that were important and useful to him, of which he makes grateful mention, in his book of memoranda. "For these suggestions and ideas," says he, "I am indebted to S. R. S., together

with much more than I have crowded on to this page; to whom I can never be duly grateful, for his unwearied kindness and forbearance towards me and my many infirmities."

While a member of Mr. Smith's family, he began to turn his thoughts somewhat seriously towards the ministry, and would probably have never hesitated in preparing himself to enter it, but for the obstacle offered, as he thought, in the uncomely figure of his person and the feebleness of his lungs. But these, in his judgment, utterly disqualified him for that profession; it requires brilliant genius to succeed in a profession where manner has so much influence, when a man lacks both the inviting person and the winning voice; it were folly, therefore, for him to adventure. Still he could not bring his mind, to abandon the idea of becoming, some day, a preacher of the Gospel. He delighted in reading theological works, and in conversation upon the subjects of which they treat; and while at Mr. Smith's he read many of his volumes. With his reading, increased his desire to enter that fraternity, the business of whose life, is the study and teaching of theology. But he went no farther; he formed no purposes with regard to the future; it would be the attainment of the object of his highest ambition, to be a successful minister of the Christian religion, but it was an illusive hope that pointed there, and ought not to be indulged; he desired to make the trial, but dreaded unutterably the failure which he felt certain would ensue. And thus he fluctuated

between his increasingly anxious desire to become a preacher, and the dread of the consequences of a trial to make himself one. In this state of mind he continued until Mr. Smith removed from Clinton to Albany, in September, 1837; when he abandoned the idea of preparing himself for any profession whatever, and resolved, when he should leave school, to purchase a small farm, gather a library, and spend his days in the management of his little farm and communion with his books. During the autumn vacation, he visited several places to find one that would make him an agreeable home, but did not succeed, and concluded to put off "hunting a farm to his liking" until the following spring, but, as it proved, forever.

My acquaintance with Mr. Griswold commenced in March, 1837; during that season until his removal, I also was a member of Mr. Smith's family, and from the opportunity thus offered, Mr. Griswold and myself soon became very intimate. At that time I was strongly inclined to the profession of the Law, and endeavored to persuade Mr. Griswold to join with me and become a student of the legal profession. But my pleas were all in vain; he probably never for a moment entertained the idea of "turning pettifogger," as he facetiously termed it. In November of the same year so great a change had been wrought in my feelings,* that I began to think seriously of

* I can not forbear mentioning here a scene which produced a deep impression on my feelings, and, I have no doubt, led my mind to the subject of the ministry—

preparing myself for the ministry. The denomination had no Theological Seminary; the want of which I then and have ever since deeply felt; and I was at a loss what course to adopt, to prepare myself for the duties and trials of that responsible office. One day while walking on the banks of the Oriskany, my thoughts busy with the new vocation towards which I was looking with increasing interest, I met Mr. Griswold, and revealed to him the state of my feelings in regard to the ministry; and proposed to him, that he should lay aside his farming project and turn his attention to the same subject, which was then engrossing my own thoughts.

It was nearly sunset; we sat down on an old moss-grown log and weighed probabilities and canvassed difficulties; expressed our hopes and fears, and alternately resolved and yielded to doubt, until long after the moon had been visibly climbing the eastern heaven. We finally concluded, however, to enter the min-

singular as it may seem to the reader that it should do so. Rev. S. R. Smith was bidding me adieu as a member of his family, (as we did not expect to meet again before his removal to Albany,) and, among other remarks, said to me:—"You are going to preach, brother? Indeed, I *know* you are." I replied that I had never thought of doing so, but was inclining to the profession of the Law. "You'll *preach*," said he in a tone of the most unwavering confidence; "remember, that the next time I meet you, I shall see you standing in the pulpit." The next time we met, (nearly three years after, in Fort Plain,) he preached my ordaining sermon! When he entered the house I was *sitting* in the desk, so nearly was the prophecy literally fulfilled!

istry, and, doing the best we could, leave the result with Providence. The future was dark; but we felt that when it should approach us, it could not be without some light, to guide and cheer us.

It was an interesting and imposing scene; two youths, inexperienced and without any one in the world to counsel them, sitting beside a storied stream that murmured softly in the night air, the solemn heavens bending in silence above them, with no eye upon them but God's and no ear to hear them but His—resolve with anxious and half-doubting hearts, conscious that they must depend on themselves alone whether the undertaking be prosperous or adverse, to enter the ministry of an unpopular and persecuted sect, and become the messengers of Heaven's truth. The impression which it made on the feelings, could never be forgotten. When we had mutually pledged ourselves to the resolution, and implored the sanction and assistance of Heaven, a long silence ensued, when I looked up, and, in the pale moonlight, saw the tears trickling down my companion's face. Not a word was uttered—we looked at each other—rose—I took his arm, and, in silence, we left the spot.

During the summer of 1837, Mr. Griswold wrote a colloquy, which was represented at the annual exhibition of the Institute for that year. It was entitled "Podology," and is yet remembered for its striking exhibition of wit, eloquence and satire. It established his reputation in the school, as a young man of "ori-

ginal talent." He was also a member of a literary society,* in which his speeches and essays excited much astonishment, on account of the extent and variety of information displayed in them. He was likewise one of the editors of a manuscript paper, read at the weekly exercises of the school for composition and declamation, in which he gave most abundant proof of the versatility of his talents. It was in this, that he found a medium through which to breathe out his feelings towards those who were cruel enough to make his personal infirmity the subject of ridicule; which he often did so ingeniously, as to command the admiration while his rebuke fell with withering effect upon the object at which it was aimed. Assuming the title of *Æsop*, he produced many fables, which, had they been written two thousand years ago in the Greek or Latin tongue, would now be found in the Greek and Latin text books, to puzzle the heads of tyro linguists.

Mr. Griswold remained in Clinton until February, 1838, devoting a considerable portion of his time to a critical reading of the Greek Scriptures. His health had improved, which he took advantage of by a closer application to his studies, and in exercises in

* The Philotimian, which its now scattered members must ever remember with pleasure, for the many scenes enjoyed in it of intellectual amusement and social cheer. It was in it, that I made my first effort—and failure too—in debate; of course I shall not soon forget it! Still, some of the happiest hours of my life were spent within its walls.

composition. He furnished articles occasionally to the columns of the Magazine and Advocate, over the signature of "Sigma," which signature he ever afterwards followed, when he did not place his proper name to his published articles.

Mr. Griswold became strongly attached to Clinton—and it is, indeed, one of the loveliest places in the wide world. With all its diversified and beautiful scenery, he cultivated an intimate acquaintance, and found much pleasure in studying and communing with it. He was a man of deep feeling and strong affections, and wherever he formed attachments they were powerful and abiding. He could not tear himself away from the objects around which his feelings clustered, without great effort and pain. And when the time approached for his departure from that lovely village, he could not indulge the thought of leaving without manifesting deep emotion. The day, on the evening of which he left, he wrote a farewell address to Clinton in rhyme, one or two stanzas of which I will take the liberty to insert, in this place, not on account of their poetical merit, but because they are expressive of his feelings at that time.

"Farewell, sweet Clinton!—I must go;
 Thy scenes my feet so oft have trod,
 Thy brooks, thy hills—all that I know
 Of thee, thou handiwork of God,
 I now must leave—perhaps, forever :—
 But why these tears ?—I would not weep ;—
 But—yes, I love thee thus ; and never
 Has my frail heart been moved so deep."

Early in February, 1838, Mr. Griswold removed to Oxford, Chenango county, N. Y., was warmly received in the excellent family of Mr. David Brown, with whom Rev. J. T. Goodrich was then boarding, and, in connection with this brother, who was pastor of the society in that village, pursued his theological studies. At the urgent solicitation of Mr. Goodrich he prepared a sermon, and, on the third Sabbath in April preached it before his congregation, to good acceptance. Mr. Goodrich* in a letter, dated April 30th, 1844, speaks of Mr. Griswold and his first effort in public, in the following terms :—" His first sermon was well delivered and well received by the congregation. All the discourses he preached during his residence here, highly delighted nearly all his hearers, and, as far as I know, it was the prevailing opinion of the intelligent in all the congregations he addressed, that there were few of his years and experience, in any order, that were his equals."

But, how differently does he speak of the success of his first sermon himself; the next day after its delivery he wrote thus :—

" Well, brother, I have preached my first religious discourse. Yesterday Br. Goodrich persuaded me to go into his desk in the morning, and torture his good people with my first essay; but such a trial, oh, it is unutterable. I never felt my utter nothingness so powerfully in my life. My heart was so scared that

* It is but justice to Mr. Goodrich to say, that these remarks were not intended for publication.

it kept constantly trying to leap up out of my bosom, and choked my voice. I trembled, or felt that I did, from head to foot. I read as fast as I could possibly utter. My brain was dizzy—my breath was short—my enunciation broken—my voice feeble—and I made a complete failure. I shall never succeed. I am so ashamed of my sermon to-day, that I can not bear to see a man who heard it. Some undertake to praise it; but it is done merely out of compassion to my feelings. My sermon cost me about a week's labor, but I have preached it for the last time; if I can not write a better one I can not preach, and that will be the end of that matter.

"Perhaps you would like to know what text I chose, that you may judge of the subject I unwisely attempted to handle, as a sort of introduction to my great volume of unpublished sermons! It is recorded in Luke ii: 10. So foolish are we, that we choose the greatest subjects, when we are the least qualified to treat any as it should be done. I am full of pain, both physical and mental, but I will try again—he that would find gold must dig."

The sermon, of which Mr. Griswold here speaks in such strong terms of condemnation, is, after all, a very good one—far better than very many of the sermons which are considered worthy of publication! But it was one of his greatest failings, that he never appreciated his own abilities and the success of his own efforts.

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Griswold remained at Oxford during the summer of 1838, pursuing his studies and preaching occasionally. He enjoyed life much better than at any time before, since "the shape deform had been his lot." His general health was considerably improved, and his spirit far more cheerful and buoyant than had been usual. He indulged quite freely in exercise, both in walking and riding in the open air, along the banks of the Chenango, and over the hills that lie on either side; and this, no doubt, exerted a salutary influence on the vigor and vivacity of both body and mind. He was apt, when indisposed, mentally or physically, to sit down and brood over it, instead of attempting to rid himself of his unwelcome visitor, by engaging actively in some interesting employment or exercise. It is true, that he was frequently unable to make much exertion, either mental or physical, and seemed under the necessity of "sitting or lying down and bearing it," as he would term it. But he was not always so, and would often keep his room, or take a position near the fire in the kitchen, if permitted, and "dwell with a sad face in the gloomy regions of melancholy," when he might

have found partial, if not entire, relief in a short walk or ride in the open air. To one of his friends who labored with him on this subject, he wrote in the following words:—

“Your advice is good; I feel that what you say is true; indeed, I have made the experiment you suggest, and know it is true; and I thank you for it. But still I am seriously afraid I shall not profit much by it. It will be like a new creation for me now to break up this pernicious habit, of yielding to the first impulse of my feelings and sitting down and holding gloomy converse with that ghost, melancholy, whenever I feel my miserable ‘sick turns’ coming on. But I will make a thorough trial, and see what I can do; but I assure you it will cost me more effort, than it would to master the Greek language. Oh, if I had a body like other men, how I should glory in battling with the difficulties of life; they would make me stronger, brighter, better. But I am what you know, a weak, frail, suffering mortal—fretful and peevish—fluctuating between sunshine and darkness—a being that would be a man, but am only a child. But why do I complain?—I am better *child* than I expected ever to be in this world. May God make me thankful.

“There is one thing connected with my case, which my friends are not apt to think of.—They forget that the habit of which they complain, has been induced only through years of untold bodily anguish; that during months upon months I was absolutely compelled ‘to

He and bear it,' being unable even to turn myself in bed; and that since that time, I have never been free from pain for a single day! A habit induced through such an agency, and so long applied, can not be removed with a wish or a prayer; if it be conquered at all, it will only be after long trial and severe effort. I mention this, not by way of complaint, but that you may see that your advice, though good, imposes upon me an almost impossible task; and that you may have the more compassion on me, the less progress you see me make; knowing with what I have to contend, and the strength I have with which to do it."

What Mr. Griswold has here expressed, was but too true, and offers an explanation both of the "pernicious habit" and of the difficulty of overcoming it. But he made the trial while at Oxford, and succeeded beyond his own expectations. In the course of the summer he was so much improved in respect to this disposition to melancholy, that it was but seldom it got the mastery of him; and when it did, it was only for a short season, compared with his former experience. This success greatly encouraged him; he became more habitually cheerful; visited more frequently and enjoyed society far better; and in almost every respect, was a happier man.

In the month of May, 1838, Mr. Griswold and myself went in company to New Ohio, where I heard him preach his second sermon. It was well written, but he suffered extremely from embarrassment. He was usually pale

and feeble in appearance ; but during the delivery of that sermon, his face and hands were as colorless as the snow ; still he pronounced it with so much effect as to move many of the audience to tears. The next day we returned to Oxford, about eighteen miles over a rough hilly road, and Mr. Griswold, though somewhat fatigued by the jaunt, felt that he was benefitted by it. A few weeks afterwards, we went in company to South Bainbridge to supply the desk in that place ; Mr. Griswold preached in the morning, and with enviable success, from the text, "Our Father who art in heaven ;" and, I have no doubt, many of the hearers remember the sermon to this day, as well as the pale lips and trembling voice with which it was uttered. When we were returning home, we fell into conversation on the subject of extemporaneous preaching ; Mr. Griswold thought that he was utterly incapable of becoming an extemporaneous speaker, and, just as we had reached the summit of a considerable hill in the woods ; asked me to stop the carriage and he would show me that he could not speak extempore. I did so ; he rose up, and, turning a large old hemlock tree, that, leafless and withered, looked from its towering height down into the Chenango valley and river far below, made to that monument of by-gone centuries, one of the most eloquent and impressive apostrophes that I have ever heard. But he could never be persuaded to attempt an extemporaneous sermon ; he always wrote his sermons in full, and followed the manuscript strictly in delivering them.

During his residence in Oxford, he preached in the following places—Greene, Smithville, Guilford, New Ohio, Bainbridge, Preston, Cooperstown and Oxford—in all, thirty-one sermons. The Chenango Association, at its annual meeting for this year, held at North Norwich, September 6th, granted him Letters of Fellowship,* and he formally became a member of the Universalist ministry.

Mr. Griswold gained to himself many warm friends, during his brief residence of only about nine months in Oxford. He mingled in society more than he had formerly done, and he became strongly attached to the place; he felt as though it were his home, where all sympathised with him and strove with a cheerful and willing heart to render him happy. And he undoubtedly would have continued his residence there, at least one year longer than he did, but for the occurrence of a sad disappointment to his affections. This wrought deeply on his feelings. It came in a form and under circumstances which were altogether unexpected, and fell like a thunder-bolt on his heart, and blasted, in a moment, many of his most cherished hopes. A dark cloud came over his heaven, and he dwelt in shadow. The shadow ere long began to deepen, and he felt that he must make some change, or he should soon be involved in the darkness of night. But what change? He would not yet accept a settlement with a society, because he had neither study nor experience enough to qualify

* See Magazine and Advocate for 1838, page 307.

him for so responsible an office; he could not bring his feelings to consent to go into the study of any other ministering brother. So he thought and said; and no persuasion could induce him to take either course; and to remain in Oxford was impossible. His friends finally suggested, that he should return to Clinton, which he resolved to do; and accordingly got in readiness, visited and took leave of his friends, and, on the evening of the 15th of October, got on board the packet-boat, and, dissolved in tears, bade farewell forever to Oxford. He never again saw the place or any of his friends there.

As soon as he was comfortably situated again in Clinton, he wrote me as follows:—

“ Dear Brother :—I arrived here yesterday at 8 o’clock, A. M., after a tedious, gloomy night-journey. Immediately after breakfast, I bent my weary steps towards the Institute, with feelings indescribable and thoughts which I hardly dare utter. At the door I was met by our mutual friend, J. M. E., who accompanied me to the Philotimian Society room; but imagine, if you can, the thoughts that went sweeping through my brain like an army, as I entered those walls which had witnessed the scenes of 1837. But, alas, how changed! Here we lived, thought I; and the next thought was, oh, that here I had staid! But I banished the thought; for to mourn over the past, tends but to unfit me for life and duty.****

“ With regard to my disappointment, I will only say, that I think I shall bear up under it,

now that I am here, better than I expected. But it was a severe shock. I was unwise in allowing the thing, in the first place, to get so strong hold of me; and in the second place, in not banishing it utterly from my mind and rising above it. I now fear but one evil from it; and that is, that it will give that ghost, melancholy, the mastery over me again. Against this I must exert all my strength. If I should be so unfortunate as to be ill much of the time, I fear I should lose all I have gained, in this respect. If, however, I shall conquer, as I mean to do, this, like the other trials through which I have passed, will prove a sort of moral discipline, which will be beneficial to me; though hard, at the time, to feel or see how it can be so. I now dismiss this subject forever.

* * * * *

"If I ever felt deeply, it was when I left Oxford. I felt it was childish to shed tears; but I was glad to be a child, for it gave my bursting heart relief. O, I shall never, in this world, find a better home. There is something besides a name in friendship; I know it, for I have *felt* it. Bad as the world is, there are many true hearts in it yet; and if we would only look around us, we should see them on every hand. We are too distrustful to receive the good that is proffered us. The world, as a whole, is far better than we believe it to be. We make our own character and feelings the standard, and judge it too harshly. * * * * *

W. H. G."

"Clinton, Oct. 17th, 1838."

The following was addressed, about the same time, to a very excellent and valued friend, who had suffered from inconstancy on the part of some professed friends, was then ailing, and has since passed away.

"My dear Friend :—I have drunk from the rich, sad fountains of emotion until I am full; thy spirit has been incorporated with my own; their clayey incumbrances may never meet, yet it does seem to me, that they do commune together when the night breezes blow, and when 'the world is wrapped in selfishness as in sleep.'

"Accident has dealt unkindly with our bodies—yet I know not as it is all unkindness—it may be—but I can not say precisely for what end; but our spirits bid her defiance; and when she has done her worst to their habitations, they will flit away, and, smiling at 'the wreck of matter,' warm and expand in each other's embrace, till they calmly repose 'where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary be at rest.' Be our departure early or late—whether a rude breath blow out our flames when they be just lighted, or whether they burn still away down to the socket—oh, it is my strange wish that they may go out together, to be together relighted with that celestial torch which never fades or grows dim. We both have poor, frail, crazy bodies, which at best can withstand the beating tempest of time but a few years; and while we stay we are full of pain and trouble. The greatest earthly solace, we find in each other;

and if you should first find rest in the cradle of immortality, what shall I do with the lingering hours of loneliness, that will then be left me ! It may be selfish in me, to desire to snatch you away from this beautiful world, and rob you from the warm hearts that fondly yearn on you—hearts woven in the web of destiny with your own—is may be selfish in me, yet I can not wholly repress it. Still, I ought to do so—I must—'twere vain to indulge it, perhaps sinful.

“I like that old, long-ago exploded whim, of the spirits of the departed returning to visit and hover around the loved ones of earth that tarry there. 'Tis sweet to muse thus, even though it be but a playful fancy. You may think that I deal but with grave-stones and coffins—that I would build a palace of skeletons in the city of the dead, and have you take up your abode with me there ; but not quite so dark are my feelings, or so death-like are my thoughts. I love life and enjoy its numerous and wonderful blessings ; and if I were a man and not a child, I should glory in engaging in its great realities. There is beauty every where around me ; goodness distils like the dew from heaven on every thing I behold ; wisdom meets me in every object, from the little flower with its perfume-breath to the sun with its endless beamings of light and glory ; and power overwhelms me with its majesty, from the tremblings of my soul to rolling worlds :—these are the delight of my meditations. when my aching body will leave my

spirit free, to revel amid the blessings that surround me to infinitude. But I have had trial enough to realize, that the highest joys, after all, are spiritual; and this thought bears me involuntarily to the spirit-land. O, shall I ever again live without pain! What a day will that be! Yes, thanks be to God, I shall see the time when 'there shall be no more pain;'—and I shall then repay the affection of that departed mother, who cradled me so long in her weary arms, and bent over me with that untiring vigilance of a mother's love. And you shall be there, my dear friend, and clothed upon with an immortal vesture. Bear up then. Faith in the Divine goodness has sustained me thus far, and I have not the shadow of a doubt but it will make me triumphant in the end. I am sometimes like the Apostle, in a strait betwixt two, whether it is better to depart and be with Christ, or to tarry here. But at longest, it will be but a few more years, when we shall meet in that blessed clime where 'the inhabitants never say, I am sick.'

* * * * *

"You ask which are of most value, leaves or friends that are cut off by the frost? I answer leaves; for they nurture the soil on which they fall; while friends who drop from us when the frost of adversity comes, sour and poison the very atmosphere around; like the Upas, they vegetate but to suck up poison from the earth, and breathe it upon the unconscious passer by. Do you feel as though you were in the valley of Java? Yes; you

have performed the pilgrimage, and felt the pestilence. But do not indulge sadness on account of meeting with inconstant friends. Be cheered by the prospect, that there is a time coming when all hearts shall be true.— The blessings of Heaven be with you according to your need. Fraternally Yours,

“Clinton, Oct. 20th, 1838.

W. H. G.”

While in Clinton, Mr. Griswold made his home in the family of Mr. W. Hutchins; his health was, as a general thing, much poorer than it had been during the year previous; his “sick turns” were much more frequent and usually more severe; and an additional calamity came in the painful form of rheumatism, which determined in his right shoulder, causing him much suffering and trouble in putting on and off his coat. This shoulder had always been weak since his long illness in 1834–5; but from this time to the close of his life, it was the seat of a local pain, sometimes so torturing as utterly to prevent him from using the pen. But he had become so accustomed to suffer from pain, that he seldom mentioned it except when it was in the head—to him the least tolerable of all physical suffering. Few persons ever became acquainted with the actual sufferings which he daily endured, even to those societies to which he preached from Sabbath to Sabbath. He was a patient sufferer, especially during the latter part of his life. In his letters he very seldom spoke of his health, except in answer to direct inquiries

concerning it. On this subject he was free only with his friends.

While at Clinton, he prosecuted his studies under the direction of Dr. Timothy Clowes. He preached but a few times—one Sabbath at Lebanon, one at Hamilton, one at Marshall, one at Eatonville, and one at Salisbury. He pronounced an anniversary Address before the Philotimian Society, which was published. The studies to which he was most partial, were the Greek and Latin languages, and in them he made himself a very liberal scholar. During his life, I think, he made it a rule to read the New Testament, in the original Greek, through by course, once a year.

In the autumn of 1839, a correspondence was opened between him and Rev. S. P. Landers, then resident at Andover, Mass., on the subject of his removal into New England. He had previously contemplated going South, as far at least as Virginia, with the view of testing the influence of a warmer climate upon his health. But he concluded to defer that experiment for the present, and try a winter's residence in Massachusetts; and on the 7th of October took leave of Clinton—visited some friends in Fort Plain—called on Rev. S. R. Smith at Albany—spent a day in New York city—another in Boston—and on the 13th arrived in Andover, and, with Mr. Landers, found a new home in the family of Mr. — Smith.

CHAPTER IV.--

In Andover, Mr. Griswold passed the time during the remainder of the autumn very agreeably, preaching in some of the neighboring towns nearly every Sabbath; a sketch of which he writes under date of December 5th, 1839. "The next day after reaching Andover, I rode ten miles to South Reading and preached my first sermon in New England—not without deep feeling. Returned home same evening. Preached at Methuen, five miles from this place, on the following Sabbath;—the next day preached at Haverhill, where they want preaching half, if not indeed all the time, the ensuing year. Last Sabbath preached at Billerica, a pleasant village about nine miles from Andover. Here they have an Academy, which they wish some one to take at his own risk; they will give the rent, and also employ him to preach to them one-half the time—provided he is a preacher.—Such an amphibious animal would probably get about \$500 for his year's anxious labor. But the school is low—is run down—and it would be folly for a man of my limited attainments and feeble body to attempt to raise it again into public confidence, and make it

yield a comfortable support. But it will afford an opportunity to some enterprising young man, who is capable of enduring considerable physical toil. I am to try to preach here again next Sabbath.

"I am much pleased, thus far, with New England; have been warmly received, and very liberally encouraged. My services, of whatever value in themselves, have been very well compensated. But it is too laborious for me, to be obliged to travel so much to get to the places, where I attempt to preach on the Sabbath. I uniformly return home exhausted; and it requires the whole week to recruit again. Perhaps I may become inured to this kind of labor, so as not to realize any particular inconvenience from it—though I really think I am too far gone for that. But this is a world of experiment, and I may not hope to be an exception—I must first try.

"There is one little circumstance which I have never mentioned to you, but which was very discouraging to my feelings at the time; though I do not wonder it was so, and can now laugh over it. I mean the compensation which I received for my services, while in New York State. I preached, I believe, in different places, forty-one sermons; for which I received the sum of thirty-one dollars; the sermons cost me, at least, thirty weeks' labor in preparing them, and my expenses, in getting to and from the places where I preached them, amounted to the sum of thirty-five dollars and a half! Not very encouraging to a young

man, who thinks of depending on the profession of the ministry for a livelihood. But I am not alone in this matter; others, within my knowledge, have been encouraged in the same way. What, but the omnipotence of truth, could bear a man up, and lead him on, in the face of such forbidding prospects?—*Magna est veritas.**

"But, after all, I presume I am better for it now; at the time, however, I looked upon the case in a different light, and was on the point, two or three times, of abandoning the ministry. Why I did not, is a question which I can not answer—Heaven only knows. But I look on those days now, with no inconsiderable satisfaction. It is sweet to look back upon evils overcome; and the greater those evils, the sweeter the contemplation. It is only in prospect, and not in retrospect, that trouble is revolting and bitter. But enough—trouble is trouble, philosophise as we will. W. H. G."

He had not yet fully abandoned his purpose of visiting the South, and beginning to feel that the climate of New England would not agree with his weak lungs, he wrote to Rev. E. H. Chapin, who was at that time in Richmond, Va., with the view of ascertaining, if possible, whether he could find any thing in that State, in the line of his profession, to employ his time and supply wholly, or in part, his wants. Mr. Chapin, in reply, gave a statement of the condition of things in regard to

* That is, "Truth is mighty."

yield ~~of~~ salism, so far as his knowledge of them ~~ford~~ added; which, on the whole, discouraged ~~may~~ from making the visit; though he always ~~afterward~~ regretted that he did not go.

As he expected, the cold winter operated very unfavorably upon his health. He thus speaks of it:—

“ * * * * As to my health, after which you will persist in inquiring, I hardly dare write what I think, lest you will not believe me.—Let it suffice—for I must not tell you all—if I tell you that my lungs are very weak, and feel very sore after speaking, even when I do not speak loud enough to be distinctly heard through my sermon. It requires great effort for me to fill a large house with my voice.—My shoulder is a source of perpetual torment to me; I have suffered with it unutterably since the cold weather came on. I am also laboring with a miserable cough. Whether or not I am a victim of consumption, time alone must determine. My own opinion is, that I am, and that two or three years at most, will close the scene with me here; and if so, I have come to the wrong climate—I should have gone South as I talked of doing.

“ If my physical strength would enable me to perform the duties of a pastor, I doubt not I could soon get a location, where I should find a home, and the good people would feed and clothe me for my poor services. As it is, I am afraid I shall never enjoy that blessed privilege. For unless some change takes place for the better ere long, my poor, weak

frame will oblige me to spend the remainder of my days in retirement, where, for a season, I may, perhaps, busy myself with some light employment, and with the aid of books, hold communion with prophets and the wise and good of all ages, and with my pen exchange now and then a sympathy with the few friends that death hath yet spared me.

"The world is daily losing its charms to me; if it were not when I look out upon it that I see God in it, my love for it would soon cease; and even now, I love it not so much for itself, as for the blessed thoughts it brings.

"But I have an appointed lot to fulfil, and to be Christ-like I must 'possess my soul in patience;' which I pray that God will give me the spirit to do. May you be saved from a physical condition like mine; nay, I should rather pray, that whatever may come to your body, your spirit may live in the possession and glory of the truth; for it is this alone, that has prevented me from cursing my life long ago; but this, thanks be to God, has made my soul, in the seasons of deepest darkness, luminous with the beams of joy and hope. 'God is a sun; and his children who come to him, shall dwell in light.' * * * * W. H. G.

"Andover, Jan. 3d, 1840."

Sometime in the course of this winter, he entered into a partnership with a Mr. Smith, and engaged in the manufacture of shoes, leaving the business principally to the management of his partner. His investment in this concern was, I believe, one thousand two

hundred dollars, full three-fourths of all he was worth in the world. His principal object in becoming connected with this firm, was, as he afterwards informed me, to provide himself with some means of obtaining a livelihood, in case he should be obliged to leave the ministry, which he thought must soon occur. He could keep the books and assist in the supervision of the general business of the firm, when not any longer able to discharge the duties of the minister. So he reasoned, and acted accordingly ; but he soon regretted it.

In March of this year, (1840,) he entered into an engagement with the Universalist society in North Reading, to supply their desk one-half of the time for one year. His health had considerably improved ; his lungs had gained in strength, and his cough had left him. He had access to the extensive library connected with the Andover Theological Seminary, of which he took advantage, much to his pleasure and improvement. He gathered largely from its vast stores, in spite of all the business he then had on hand, and the pressure of his numerous infirmities.

On the 17th day of June, he was ordained at North Reading. The sermon, on that occasion, was preached by Rev. A. C. Thomas, then of Lowell. A few days after being set apart to the work of the Christian ministry by ordination, he expresses his feelings in the following letter :—

“ Dear Brother :—My heart is full, and I hardly know what to say first. My poor bo-

dy troubles me yet, though not so badly as sometimes ; but I am an almost infinitely happier man than I ever supposed myself capable of being. My business affairs trouble me also, but I have found a region beyond the reach of pain or care, in which, I have learned, it is my privilege to dwell—it is in the love of God. Here there is peace and joy, whatever may be elsewhere. Goodness there is in every thing ; if it were not so life would be intolerable. I have suffered much, but it has not been without profit ; a salutary discipline exercised in mercy on a wayward child, to lead him back to the fountain of living waters, to a tender Father's house where there is living bread waiting to greet the lips of the starving soul. O it was awful, I thought at the time ; but I now see goodness in it all. It is in darkness that the light shines most bright and beautiful.

“ In looking around me, I have often been perplexed with the numerous apparent natural evils, with which we meet in the world. I met a passage in my reading the other day, which has led me to some very important and happy reflections. It is this—‘ One consideration has always afforded me great satisfaction. Did natural evil prevail in reality as much as it does in appearance, we must expect that the enlargement of natural knowledge would daily discover new instances of bad, as well as good intention. But the fact is directly otherwise. Our discoveries ascertain us more and more of the benevolence of

the Deity, by unfolding beautiful final causes without number; while the appearances of evil intention vanish like mist after the sun breaks out. Many things are now found to be curious in their contrivance, and productive of good effects, which formerly appeared useless, or of evil tendency; and in the gradual progress of learning, we have the strongest reason to expect that many more discoveries of the like kind will be made hereafter. This very consideration, had we nothing else to rely on, ought to make us rest upon the assurance, which our feelings give us, of the benevolence of the Deity; without giving way to the perplexities of a few cross *appearances*, which, in matters so far beyond our comprehension, ought to be ascribed to our own ignorance, and, by no means, to any malevolence in the Deity.'

"This is a long extract to find a place in a letter; but it has led me to so much profitable thinking on the goodness of God, that I could not resist the temptation, to give it to you instead of my own crude thoughts, especially on so vast a subject.

"Well, Br., I was ordained on Wednesday last; and how little did I know of the imposing, overwhelming weight of such solemnities. It did seem as though it must crush me to the earth. This solemn and impressive service has, beyond all question, decided my fate; I shall now preach as long as I can stand up in the pulpit. Whatever else may come, this shall now be the main business of

life. I can not do much, but what I can do; I am under renewed obligations to do for religion. I have no doubt but I shall see many dark days before my pilgrimage is finished, and some severe trials; but I have learned to see that they have a meaning in them, of the most tender and benevolent purpose. God is good and will sustain me. What I can not bear, will not be given me. I have confidence that every thing looks towards a beneficent end; and this enables me to bear with hope, and therefore not without some pleasure, things which else would be insufferable and drive me to despair.

‘For never anything can be amiss

When God doth fix its aim.’

“The worst fault, I think, that attaches to me at present, is want of confidence in mankind—I distrust too much. And strange as it may seem, I have, in my own mind, demonstrated this to be the result of wanting confidence in myself. It appears to be a principle, in my philosophy at least, that the man who is always distrusting himself, will eventually establish a habit of distrusting, which will reach out in its exercise and influence, to his fellow men. I must learn to think better of myself. In this respect, as indeed in every other, there is deep philosophy in the Poet’s saying:—

‘To thine own self be true,

And it must follow, as the night the day,

Thou canst not then be false to any man.’

“But I must close; write me anon, and

tell me what you think of the great idea contained in the long extract, and also of my philosophy about the tendency of habitual self-distrust, on every thing that relates to one's own abilities and character. And I remain as ever,
Yours fraternally,

Andover, June 23d, 1840. W. H. G."

Mr. Griswold, so far as I have been able to learn, gave entire satisfaction to the society in North Reading, with his labors in the desk. As a pastor they could know but little about him, as he continued his residence at Andover, distant from his society six miles. On the first of January, 1841, he commenced preaching one-half of the time to the society in Andover, Rev. S. P. Landers having resigned the pastoral charge of this society.—His engagement with these two societies continued until the first of April, when he accepted an invitation to take the pastoral charge of the society in Andover, and entered immediately upon his labors. This imposed upon him new obligations and duties; he must prepare two sermons each week, and spend a considerable portion of time in pastoral visitation. But he succeeded far beyond his own expectations. So highly pleased were the members of his congregation, with his labors during the first year of his connection with them as their pastor, as to be induced to express their approbation in the form of two substantial presents—the one by the young men; the other by the ladies. The business in which he had made investments, did not

prosper so well as he anticipated, and gave him very considerable trouble and anxiety; though it was seldom he mentioned it, or made even an allusion to it, in his correspondence. He once remarked in regard to it, that "he had been foolish enough to get into trouble, and he must now be philosopher enough to get out, or bear it."

In the autumn of 1841, I paid him a visit. I found him very happily situated, in the family of Mr. Smith, his partner. To Mrs. Smith Mr. Griswold was indebted for the most unbounded attention and kindness, especially during his seasons of illness. Speaking on this subject, he said, "I have been one of the most fortunate of men in finding good homes; at Oxford, Clinton, and here in this place (Andover), I have met with blessed homes, and been treated in affection and tenderness, like a child. Heaven bless those angels that have ministered unto me."

With him I spent two weeks; he was feeble, pale, and suffered much difficulty from shortness of breath. His voice which, when I last saw him before (nearly three years), was distinct and clear, had grown weak and fallen into a plaintive monotony. The change which I beheld in him was very touching to my feelings, and I could not refrain from expressing myself accordingly. "Yes," said he, looking upward, "I am fading into weakness—falling into decay and ruin. But change with me has ceased to be a novel thing. If my father should meet me, he would pass his

son by as a stranger—he would not recognize me. But the saddest thought I have when I look upon myself, is, that I must soon part with those friends that have known me in other days, and be laid in the earth by the hands of strangers. I can not bear the thought of dying among strangers, and I hope God will send me among my friends, when that solemn event is to take place.” He wept. After a few moments he added, “If a stone is ever placed over my grave, I wish these words to be inscribed on it—*Sic habeto, non esse te mortalem, sed corpus hoc ; nec enim tu is es, quem forma ista declarat, sed mens cuiusque, is est quisque.*”*

But he made my visit an exceedingly interesting one ; when we come to part he expressed very deep feeling, as he thought it the last time we should see each other in the present world. Nor can I ever forget that parting ;—he stood with his pale lips quivering, and the tears stealing down his cheeks—pressed my hand, but uttered nothing—and, as I rode away, lifted his hand and pointed to heaven.

* Which is translated thus :—“ Have this persuasion—not that thou thyself art mortal, but this body of thine ;—nor that thou art what this outward form declares thee to be ; but that what the mind of each one declares him to be, that he is.”

CHAPTER V.

In the month of December, 1841, Mr. Griswold was visited by disease in a different form from any under which he had yet suffered. His patience, in this respect, was sorely tried. In a letter dated January 24th, 1842, in excusing himself from an invitation to visit New York, he thus speaks of it :—" I can not possibly accept your invitation—for which nevertheless I heartily thank you—on account of the miserable state of my health. In my present situation I can not leave home and enjoy myself; neither could my friends enjoy my company. I am afflicted with a chronic difficulty, which turns all my joy into sorrow as soon as I am absent from home a few hours. I do not yet feel, that my new affection should be regarded as alarming; but it is not the less annoying for that reason. We should both enjoy each other here almost infinitely better, than we could, possibly, in any other place—at least until I am relieved from my present troublesome difficulty."

The disease of which he here speaks, was that most annoying and painful of all diseases, diabetes—and probably, also, the gravel, for it is hardly possible that such extreme pain as he suffered, should be produced by the former

alone. He never found entire relief from this affection—it afflicted him more or less while he lived. Thus multiplied upon him, year after year, the causes of physical suffering. Is it not wonderful how much man is capable of enduring!

Mr. Griswold continued, under the pressure of all his numerous maladies, to discharge the duties of the pastor, and give some attention to the business of the firm with which he was connected; besides keeping up a somewhat extensive correspondence, and furnishing an article almost weekly for the press. A few weeks later than the above, he wrote me, that “he was reading a hundred lines of Latin and devoting an hour to the Greek Testament, daily; in the latter of which he found a solace for all his woes; and in the former, a temporary anodyne for his pains.”

Among the many perplexing things, with which he had to contend, and which operated unfavorably to his usefulness, was the general suspicion that he did not write his own sermons, but borrowed them from some source. This suspicion, however, was entirely dispelled, as soon as the persons who indulged it became acquainted with him. No person who knew him, ever accused him of the want of either ability or industry to prepare his own sermons—and the very sermons too which he preached. Few preachers there are, who are so conscientious about the impropriety of copying from others, as was Mr. Griswold.—And few there are who copy so little, as he

did. On this subject the two following singular paragraphs occur in a letter, written in June of this year :—

“ I have just returned from an exchange with a good brother, with my feelings wounded again by that old suspicion, that has followed me ever since, in my feeble way, I have been a preacher. A gentleman, who heard me last Sunday, at the close of the last service, asked the young man who was with me, if I wrote my own sermons ; for his part he did not believe I did. This was done while I was standing near enough to hear the conversation—and it appeared to me, as though it was intended I should hear it. This is too trying—it provokes me. I would as soon be thought guilty of stealing sheep. If I *am* as crooked as a Sigma, I have yet to learn that I can not think straight enough to distinguish between copying and composing a sermon. But such a thing as using other men’s sermons, is done, as I do verily know ; for I have a few that are out on a mission ; and they are listened to with profound attention, and without the least suspicion, simply because straight and tolerably good-looking men preach them ! If I had their bodies, I should be thought quite a man. But so it is ; a public speaker is judged as much by his appearance and manner, as by what he says. It is with this as Virgil says of virtue—*Gratior ac pulchro veniens in corpore virtus.*”

* That is, “ Even virtue is more fair, when it appears in a beautiful person.”

"Well, to be plain, I have not had a very large share of *puffing*, which is so current in our times. I have no doubt it is better for me on the whole, though not quite so agreeable to one's feelings. Some persons are taken up, and *puffed* at once into a comfortable location and popularity. I do not deserve such things; and I ought not to expect to receive things which I do not deserve, simply because some others do. Envy is the last feeling that will ever find admittance into my breast. The fact is, I am obscure—unknown—rather forbidding in my personal appearance; and no wonder the people inquire, Who is he? What is he? Where does he get his sermons? I have yet preached in but few places, where they did not—some of them at least—think that I *stole* my sermons! And the worst of all is, that it is hopeless for me to expect to preach, to any moral profit, to people in whose minds rest such suspicions. Besides, this being thought a thief, even in making *sermons*, is apt to produce, in me, unkindly feelings towards my fellow beings—which is wrong, altogether wrong. And I pray for strength to rise above them."

In the course of this summer, Mr. Griswold made two excursions for his health; one, with a member of his society, into the northern part of Connecticut—the other in company with Rev. G. W. Gage, to the White Mountains in New Hampshire. But the benefit which he received from these jaunts, was merely nominal; and he was obliged to supply his desk for two months or more by exchanges.

In October he resigned the pastoral charge of the society in Andover, and with that month closed his labors there. Soon after followed the failure of the firm in which he was a partner, involving him in pecuniary ruin. This was a heavy blow, and almost crushed him to the earth. He was in feeble health—was indeed daily declining—and the prospect was, that he would soon be unable to follow any pursuit which would yield him a livelihood; and now, by one stroke, all the means on which he had, for years, calculated to rely for support, in case such an emergency as he was now expecting, should fall to his lot—was swept from his grasp forever. But in all this misfortune, the feature which was most trying to his feelings, was, that he had suffered debts to be incurred in his name, which he no longer had the means of paying. “I could bear,” said he, “to be poor and eat only the bread which my feeble strength and my friends should grant me; but it fills my soul with agony, to think that, through any means whatever, I may die indebted to the world—and especially to friends, who have kindly assisted me. And if I live five years, and enjoy only my present miserable health, I will ‘owe no man any thing.’ If Heaven were willing I should like to live long enough to accomplish this purpose; I ask to live no longer; I shall then be willing to ‘go hence and be here no more.’ But, alas! I feel that I shall never see five years more in this world. God’s will be done!”

His health soon became so precarious, and his sufferings so intense from the rheumatism in his shoulder and the diabetes, that he was forced to seek medical aid—to which he had for a long time felt a strong aversion. He accordingly went to Boston, and placed himself under the care of Dr. Thompson, where he remained several weeks. The medicines seemed for a season to operate favorably, and he improved so rapidly as to be flattered with the hope of soon being comfortable again, and able to engage in the duties of his profession. But his hopes proved illusive; for very little permanent improvement was made. He preached three Sabbaths, but found he was too feeble to endure the fatigue of speaking in public, and returned again to Boston and appealed to medical aid. He remained there until about the middle of March, when he went to Dudley, Mass., to spend a Sabbath as a candidate for the pastorate of the Universalist society in that place. While there he addressed a letter to his niece in Turin, N. Y., from which we make the following extract:—

“My dear Niece—Your letter, so welcome, I received a few days since while in Boston. I thank you for it—it has done me good. It sends a blessed cheer over my feelings, to feel the warm breathing of your healthful and happy spirit. It is a long time since we have enjoyed the pleasure of seeing and conversing with each other. In that time, I suppose we have both changed very much. Instead of the little girl of ten years, you are now the happy

maiden of seventeen. And I—well, I am what I am! Yes; we have indeed changed. The past, which of us can review it and not feel both joyful and sad? It has in it some, many green spots, around which my memory will ever love to linger—glad scenes, whose recollections the corrosive influence of rolling years can hardly weaken in their pleasure, or dim in their vividness. But, then, they are in the *past*; and however much I may love to awaken the recollections of them, there is something in the idea that they are by-gone, that tinges even ‘the veil of memory’ with hues of sadness—that throws a plaintive canopy over the brooding spirit of thought. Yet I would not forget them, oh, no, never.

“But I am wandering from my object; I did not mean at this time to reply to the spirit of your letter, but to inquire of you concerning another matter, which very deeply concerns me, and, I trust, you also, measurably at least.

“I have accepted an invitation to a settlement with the society in this town—Dudley, Worcester county, Mass.—and shall remove here on the first of April next. My health has been such, that I have been obliged to suspend all my labors for nearly five months; and I have been under medical treatment during a large portion of that time. I am now a little better, but my health is still very feeble; I am not able to discharge the duties of the pastor, but am compelled to do so for subsistence. I have concluded to take advantage

of my past labor in preparation for the desk, and only subject myself for a season to the mere labor of the Sabbath. My appetite is poor—I am miserable and ought to have some one to take care of me—some one that will perform the office of a mother or sister. And the object of this letter is, to ascertain whether you are willing to come and live with, and take care of me. It is not probable that I should keep you long, for I feel that I have, at most, but a few months more in the present world. I would return to Turin and spend them among the few friends I have left; but I want, while I can use my pen and voice, to do what I can for those friends who have sustained losses by my misfortunes. And I want also—for I can not bear the thought of dying among strangers—that at least one of my relatives should be with me in my last hours, to smoothe my pillow, and see that I am laid where I can sleep well. And I know of no loving spirit who will perform this angel's office so well as thou. Wilt thou not come then?

“If you can come, and conclude to do so, make your arrangements to tarry two years; you need not longer, for before they have elapsed the scene will be closed, and I shall be with my mother, the child's heaven. * * *

Dudley, March 14th, 1843.

W. H. G.”

Accordingly, on the first of April, Mr. Griswold removed to Dudley and entered again, with all the strength he possessed, upon the performance of his duties as pastor. After

spending one Sabbath under his new engagement, he wrote me in the following terms :—

“Dear Brother :—In reply to your numerous inquiries about my health, new location, &c., you will, at this time, permit me to be brief; for I am hardly able to write at all, and would not if I did not feel the duty to be imperative. My health is some better, I think, than when I last wrote you; but it is yet very miserable. I succeeded in performing all the usual labors of the pulpit last Sabbath, but it so exhausted me that I could get no sleep during the following night. I am so weak that it is with difficulty I can ascend the slightest elevation; my breathing is very short, and, especially on a little exertion, very difficult. I have lately been afflicted in still a new form—with turns of vomiting, accompanied with the most wrenching throes. My diabetes is ‘nothing better but only worse,’ and keeps me pretty closely confined at home. It has become so terrible, that I can not attend in any public place where I should be confined more than two hours; and to show any mercy on myself, I ought never to extend the time beyond an hour and a half. If you have a tear for misery, let it fall for your friend. My rheumatism is very bad, and it will be a miracle, if I live a year longer, if I do not entirely lose the use of my right arm. Besides, I am affected with a cough that is very painful.—Some days, when I rise in the morning I feel extremely bright and strong for me, and before noon I am prostrated—utterly helpless,

and the next door to death. I am frequently brought so low by these *turns*, as to feel that the next one must be the last. Such is the state of my physical health.

"My moral health was never better. Affliction has had a blessed effect upon my soul. Every pang I suffer brings me nearer to God; and the nearer I approach him, I only love him the more. Universalism looks more beautiful to me to-day, than ever before in my life. It is just the religion for the afflicted and the suffering. It has a moral power and solace in it, which are equal to any emergency with which the soul can ever meet. It came to me on a sick bed, and is ever loveliest when I am prostrate there. It has taught me to

"Know how sublime a thing it is

To suffer and be strong."

And I have not the least doubt, that in a little season it will give me glory and triumph in death. Indeed, it has already stripped Death of his terrors and put an olive branch in his hand; and when he comes to me it will be as a messenger of peace and deliverance. Why should man fear death, and look upon it as a thing so awful?—it is Love's appointment, that the Parent and the child may meet.

"With regard to your question, 'Why have you engaged again to preach regularly, in your present state of health?' I answer; because I was not willing to leave the smallest opportunity to pass, which might be improved to the advantage of my friends. I shall work as long as I can stand up; I can not consent while

I have the ability to earn a penny a day, to become a burden to any of my relatives or friends; and if I can save any thing above a plain and simple living, I want it should go to remunerate those who have shared in my pecuniary misfortune. I only ask to live so long as to earn enough, to 'owe no man anything but to love him,' when I come to die. It was not my fault, but my folly in trusting too confidently in others, that placed me where I am. But since it is so, I am resolved to labor and suffer, that, if it be possible, I may be able to give to every man his due. These are the reasons why I have accepted the invitation of the society in this place, and I mean to devote to their interests all the strength I have. If I were as well situated in regard to pecuniary means as I was three years ago, I should probably never preach another sermon. I would, in that case, return to Turin, and spend the remnant of my days with my sister; and in the preparation and publication of the best of my discourses and essays, find all the employment of which I shall ever be really capable. In her I should find that tenderness and attention which my situation needs, while in turn I should render her an acceptable service, and aid in smoothing the rugged pathway of her life. But alas! I can only weep for her—to help her is no longer mine. Heaven's blessings descend on her.

"I have thus told you briefly, how I am and why I am here. I shall go on just as though I expected to live many years yet; and when

the day of departure comes, whatever I shall leave behind, must be shared among my kind friends. I renew here my request, which I made to you verbally during your visit to me at Andover, that, when I am gone, you shall take all my manuscripts and papers; prepare and publish such of them as you shall think worthy of a place in a weekly journal, and commit the remainder to the flames. This is all. To be great I have never striven—my only aim has been to be useful; and when the last hour comes, if I can look back and see a day spent, not in easy pleasure or vain strife after a name, but in lightening the burden of grief and alleviating the sorrows that fall to the lot of human life—it will be all I seek. To dry one tear and ease one aching heart—to lessen one drop the cup of human misery, or extract one bitter drug therefrom, is a worthier object of ambition, than heaps of gold or thunders of applause. To attain this end, I am willing to bear any burden which the God of love shall, in his wisdom, be pleased to impose upon me. * * * * *

I remain fraternally and truly yours,
Dudley, April 6, 1843. W. H. G."

CHAPTER III.

After receiving his injury, Mr. Griswold was always more comfortable during the summer season than the winter ; his pains were less severe, and his turns of extreme illness less frequent ; while he appeared to be much stronger, more active, and less afflicted with a disposition to drowsiness, than he experienced when the weather was cold. Cold, indeed, seemed to be his worst enemy ; it induced a troublesome and wearing cough ; relaxed the energy and firmness of his muscular system ; gave a rheumatic sharpness to the pains of his body ; disposed him to drowsiness and languor, and at the same time made him very nervous and excitable. It was not uncommon for him, in severe winter weather, to fall asleep over his book, or with his pen in his hand in the midst of a paragraph. I have known him to do so while in conversation. But all this did not discourage him ; he would rise from his seat, shake himself, as he humorously termed it, and set at work again. At such seasons, that of which he most complained, was the irritable state in which he found his feelings. "A single unkind or reproachful remark," says he in one of his let-

ters, "when I have just awaked out of this drowsy, dreamy state, will make me either weep or be angry, according as it sides with this passion or that. And O what a struggle I have daily to make, to keep myself from conducting so foolishly before, and even towards, my friends, as to cause me to weep bitterly in secret. For, with all my faults, I have still the feelings of a man; and I can not but weep over my folly, when it does me injustice, or wounds the feelings of my friends. Are other men tempted so—tried so? But why do I ask?—it is after all nothing to me whether they are or are not; it is enough for me to know that I am, and that it is sent upon me for some wise and beneficent purpose. Believe? yes; I do fully believe that it is good for me—that God's merciful hand is in it."

As the summer of 1843 came on with its kindly and genial warmth, he accordingly gained in strength, and was far more active and comfortable than he had been for months. He at least so far improved, as to be able to do considerable at visiting the members of his congregation. To most men, it would have appeared quite as much as they were capable of doing—in his situation—to meet and perform the labors of the pulpit on the Sabbath; but not so did he think; and he made himself, in a few months, acquainted, familiarly, with nearly every individual that attended on his ministry; and a mutual attachment grew up between them and himself, which was exceedingly grateful to his feelings and encouraging

to his hopes. Besides, he was frequently called to attend funerals, and in nearly every instance a sermon was expected to be preached on the occasion. This alone imposed upon him no inconsiderable labor; but he never refused to prepare himself and go to the house of mourning—the call to bury the dead, to him, was imperative; and to comfort those that mourn, the most pleasurable duty of his vocation.

His labors in the desk, so far as I have been able to learn, gave entire satisfaction. His talents and deportment commanded the respect of all who became acquainted with him, of whatever sect or party. He manifested a zeal in the cause of his Master, which won the approbation of all. When not prostrate on the bed of sickness, he was daily doing something for the interests of religion, especially among the people of his charge. To one who was acquainted with the actual condition of his physical man, it seemed almost miraculous that he should perform so much labor as he did; and we can see no explanation of it, except in the unconquerable energy and perseverance of his soul. Whatever might overtake his body, his spirit would not be overcome. Man was not made to vegetate but to act, was his motto. He saw duty before him—he felt it resting upon him, and the very energy of his mind imparted strength to his feeble body to meet it. It is in the mind, after all, that man's true strength lies; a victor's resolution gives a victor's arm; a deter-

mined will makes even a child strong; a fixed purpose puts into the weakest man's hand, a lever strong enough to move the world.

At Dudley, he found the condition of things in regard to the society, so different from what he anticipated, as to impress him with the conviction, that his sermons, which he had on hand, were not exactly calculated to promote the best interests of his congregation; besides, the tone of his own moral feelings had experienced considerable change since writing them; he therefore resolved to write new discourses, or entirely rewrite his old ones; and did actually thus prepare nearly every discourse he preached, up to the close of his life. The last sermon he preached—nine days before his death—was written on the day previous to its delivery, when he was too weak to sit up more than half the time. I mention these things, not to show with what facility he prepared his sermons—for it was really hard labor for him to write—but to let the reader see, how conscientiously he followed what he conceived to be duty. He had two or three hundred discourses on hand, but he would not use them, because he believed he could prepare others that would better subserve the religious interests of his people. And you might see him, pale and weary, seated in his arm-chair at his low round table, his head resting for support upon his left hand, in the depths of the still and solemn night, penning the thoughts and feelings of his soul, and sprinkling almost every page with his tears.

So faithful was he to the convictions of duty.

Since leaving the State of New York in 1839, Mr. Griswold had never found time or felt himself able, either in regard to his health or pecuniary affairs, to visit the scenes of his early life; though after the first year's absence he was ever exercised with a strong desire to do so. A new and peculiar influence now came in to strengthen that desire—the illness of a niece to whom he was tenderly attached. Consumption was the disease that had seized upon her fair form, and had proceeded far in “the wasting decay that leads to death,” when he received intelligence that she could not survive many weeks longer, and that she expressed a strong desire to see him before life's swift day should close. This was an appeal, to which it was not in his nature to turn a deaf ear; and as soon as he could make the necessary arrangements, he set out to answer the call of affection, and to gratify, at the same time, his desire to see the friends and places, familiar in other days. This was in the latter part of July. He arrived at Utica in the evening, much exhausted by his journey, and accepted the pressing invitation of Rev. A. B. Grosh, for the visitor to make his house his home during his brief stay in that city and vicinity. At the time of Mr. Griswold's visit, it was my good fortune to be a member of the family of that excellent and worthy man, which afforded my friend and myself an opportunity of enjoying each other's company at all hours

of both day and night—and with me time was never spent more happily. And the time—four weeks—seemed so short! When friends are together, time has swift pinions—moments are truly golden.

After recruiting a little, Mr. Griswold proceeded by stage to Turin, to look again on the face of his sister, and especially to mingle his sympathies with those of his dying niece.—But, alas! where is human nature not liable to disappointment; he was too late—she slept in death—and he was only in time, to see her loved form lowered into the

“—————Pale realms of shade,
Where dust resolves to kindred dust again,
And form is lost in chaos—————.”

This event, meeting him just as it did, operated deeply on his feelings; he did not enjoy his visit as he otherwise would have done; it threw a gloom over every thing around him; he somewhat severely reproached himself for not going immediately on when he arrived in Utica, weak and exhausted as he was, instead of tarrying there for refreshment, as he did. On the subject of his visit, I can not do better than to insert here the letter which he wrote on his return to Dudley.

“Dear Brother:—I write you thus early to remove your suspicions with regard to the effect which my journey would have on my health—I am better every way and stronger, than before I undertook it. Independently of this consideration, I am glad I made it when I did; I owed it to my friends and to myself;

I shall probably never be able to repeat it—I am confident I shall never see Turin again, or Utica, or Clinton. But on the whole, it was a pleasant time—I enjoyed it much, richly. And this notwithstanding all the drawbacks; what it would have been, had I been like other men, affords a pleasurable work for my imagination.

“As you can well understand, when travelling about I suffered much inconvenience and pain from my tormenting diabetes. This is the worst of all my trials. However, I got along with it quite as well as I expected—for which I feel very grateful.

“At Utica I enjoyed myself best. I felt at home there—felt at perfect liberty to come and go when I pleased, at mid-day or midnight. What a noble and generous heart God has given that brother, A. B. G. Kind and obliging even to his own disadvantage, he made me as welcome to all the comforts of his house, as though I had been his own child. Gratitude is all I can give him for his thousand kindnesses to me, and so I pray God to bless him according to the measure of his own generosity. If I owed no man any thing but to love him, he should receive a present that would make him remember, when I am in my grave, the unworthy object of his ‘loving kindness.’ To his family I am greatly indebted for their personal attentions to me in the midst of my numerous wants—particularly so to Mrs. G., who will please accept the gratitude of this son of affliction.

"How wonderfully we change ! There was a time when I could not, for a moment, have borne with the idea of being laid under so many obligations to a fellow being. It would have been exceedingly painful to me, to have received any considerable assistance, in any way, for which I could not render an equivalent. But now—oh I am not that which I have been, thank Heaven !—now I am obliged to do so, and I do it gratefully. If I have not improved in regard to the outward comforts of life and the world's gear, I have in the condition of my soul ;—if not a richer, I am, I trust, at least a better man.

"At Clinton I did not enjoy myself as I anticipated—things have so changed there since I left. The change is not in the inhabitants so much, for they remain nearly the same, though many of them, I could see, have grown old, and a few have gone to the grave. But in the Institute so great a change has taken place, that of all the teachers and students that were there when I left, one teacher alone remains. The very buildings have altered—have grown old—and entering them filled me with feelings sad and painful. It awakened a volume of recollections, to wander again through those halls ; but somehow the spirit that I thought dwelt there of old, had departed. I could not make it seem that that was the very place in which I had spent so many weary months in hard study, and formed the most intimate friendships I know on earth. More deeply affected than I care to confess, I turned away

and bent my steps towards the residence of Grandma Smith,* where I met, as ever, a welcome so cordial as none but she knows how to give. She too has grown old, but intellectually is as active and vigorous as she has ever been since I knew her. With her, you recollect, we once made our home, with several others; how she ever managed to get along with us all, is a mystery to me. She rebuked me sometimes, for which I am now thankful to her. With her and Maria† I spent a large portion of a day very pleasantly. I was kindly treated by all the people there with whom I met; but the truth is, I have lost my interest in, and attachment to the place, and my visit was not so joyous as I expected. It was mostly, no doubt, owing to the change that had taken place in me.

“A long and dreary ride I had of it in getting to Turin; when I arrived there I was so exhausted as to be hardly able to sit up. But never, I think, have I been so deeply moved, as when it was announced to me that my dear niece was dead. I had not prepared my mind for such intelligence; but I had prepared myself, as well as I knew how, to commune with her many hours in her affliction. But she was gone, and I in a moment became a mourner. This event threw a veil of sadness over all; it filled the hearts of all, in whom I felt any particular interest, with sorrow; and all our thoughts were tinged with its spirit. Still

* Rev. S. R. Smith's mother. † Mr. Smith's sister.

it was, I believe, a profitable meeting to us. God has answered our prayer, and sanctified the affliction to our spiritual good. When I came to leave and bid my sister and friends adieu, with what a full heart did I turn from them ! I thought—I felt it was the last time I should ever look upon them. I felt, but was speechless ! The rest you must imagine. I never shall see the place of my childhood again. But I must turn away from this subject—it is too near my heart for me to talk or write upon, without becoming a child again.

“I found my journey home quite as comfortable as could be expected under the circumstances. My visit to the scenes of my earlier days, will ever afford me many pleasing reflections. And I hope that the good effects which I have thus far realized from it, both to body and mind, will prove lasting. I must now set myself at work again earnestly for my indulgent people ; the strength which I have gained belongs to them ; and may Heaven give me the disposition to devote it accordingly. Repeating yet again my sincere thanks, for your attention and kindness, &c., I remain, as ever, your friend and brother,

“Dudley, August 16th, 1843.

W. H. G.”

During the remainder of this summer Mr. Griswold's health continued unusually good, and he performed an immense amount of labor ; so much indeed did he become encouraged by it, that he began to speak of the future with considerable confidence and warmth. This continued until the cold, chilly weather

of autumn came on, which rapidly reduced him to his former condition again. In the early part of November I returned his visit; I found him far more feeble and suffering much more severely from his various maladies, than when he was in Utica. It appeared almost impossible for him to keep himself warm; he would frequently fall asleep in the midst of conversation; still, when not otherwise employed he would read, or study the Bible and make notes on the passages he considered, or prepare the materials for a sermon; and, during the week I was with him, wrote nearly two entire sermons, besides giving me every attention, visiting several places, and being confined nearly two whole days to his bed. I did not see him engaged in writing his sermons, and asked him when he did it. "When you were asleep," he replied. I ascertained that he retired, and, after sleeping a short time, would awake in so much pain as to be unable to fall asleep again; would then get up, light his lamp, revive his fire, seat himself at his table, and labor for hours in writing a sermon—labor at least until he became so fatigued as to be compelled to lie down. He said, when his mind and feelings got warmly engaged in a subject, that he mostly, and sometimes entirely, forgot his miseries. "I have long since learned," said he, "that the best way to banish pain of almost every kind, is to be intently busy on some good subject. If a man wants to be miserable, let him brood over the pains and misfortunes of life. To be pro-

perly busy, is to make life happy. I infinitely prefer, therefore, to sit up at night and labor hard on some good subject, rather than lie abed and murmur until life becomes a very curse. After all, life is pretty much what we make it; the world without is the reflection of the world within."

CHAPTER VII.

During the autumn of this year, 1843, some difficulty occurred in the final adjustment of the pecuniary affairs with which he had been connected in Andover, that exercised his mind very severely and painfully. A proceeding was commenced against him, which was calculated to impeach his integrity, than which nothing could be more torturing to his feelings. Any thing was more tolerable than questioning his veracity. With him, verily, "an honest man was the noblest work of God;" and he was strictly worthy of that significant title. Whatever other faults he might be supposed to have, in moral uprightness of heart, in probity of mind he was blameless, and in this respect afforded an example worthy of all imitation. Allusion has before been made to this trait in his character, when speaking of the suspicion that his sermons were not original with himself. Of the effect which the legal proceeding, commenced against him at Andover, had on his feelings, the best idea may be gathered from his own words:—

"That unfortunate business transaction of mine which has given me so much trouble, and which I supposed was satisfactorily adjusted, has come up in a new form—not by my

creditors—for they, most of them at least, are honorable men, and have dealt kindly with me—but by another man; I will not write his name, for you know whom I mean. I should not care so much about it, if it were not an attempt to impeach my honesty. That is the unkindest cut of all. To be foolish, unfortunate, sick—to be charged with faults and errors, and suffer withal for other men's vices is bad enough; but all this I can bear, because I have no doubt I deserve to bear it; but to be publicly charged with being a dishonest man, a rogue—this is too much, too cruel, it is worse than death. Probity is all the wealth I now have; and they would, in the eye of the world, even strip me of this. I have not the least doubt that I shall be honorably discharged; but the whole proceeding will only tend to fasten a suspicion against me on the public mind; and that is what, to my feelings, is the most trying.”

The charges preferred against him, were found to be entirely groundless; the evidence on which it was expected to sustain them, proved, on examination, to be all on his side of the question; and they were withdrawn without a hearing. In January, 1844, of his health he wrote:—

“I am no better—none—probably never shall be. I say nothing to my people about it, nor will I consent to trouble them about it so long as I am able to meet them on the Sabbath. The time I spend in the pulpit, is the most happy portion of my existence; when

there, and engaged, I am insensible to all pain. But I frequently suffer severely after the labors of the day are closed. Twice since you were here, I have been completely prostrated, so that I have lost all hope of living to see spring fairly open again. The flowers that next bloom, I feel, will be above my grave ; and the feet of busy men will tread around the little mound, and pointing to it, they will carelessly say—there he lies ! They may add, at least my friends who may bend affection's eye upon the silent chambers where I repose, may say,

' After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well.'

" I am not writing to excite your sympathies, but to tell you my serious convictions ; I have no hope of seeing another summer ; the sands in my life-glass are nearly run ; and I am calm, and, I believe, altogether resigned. My only anxiety is, when the hour of death shall come, that some friend may be with me. It is a strange thought, that of dying ; I have tried often to realize it, but in vain ; it is too wonderful for me. I see no terror in it, nor does it throw over my mind the shadow of doubt, with regard to the blessedness of the future. It is not death but life, to lay aside this clayey tenement. O death, where is thy sting ! O grave, where is thy victory ! Ye both are the victor's now—his triumph over you is endless."

In the early part of February, I saw Mr. Griswold in the city of Boston, on his return from Andover, where he had been to attend

to the affair mentioned in the first part of this chapter. He was weak, pale, and troubled exceedingly with shortness of breath and drowsiness. He was likewise afflicted with a deep-seated cough, that kept his lungs very feeble and sore. He made only a brief stay in the city; he was so ill that he dared not venture to tarry even for a day. Still he was strong in soul and as full of resolution as ever. He gave not the slightest symptom of discouragement; he should preach, he said, as long as he could stand up in the pulpit. I parted with him for the last time, at the Rail Road depot. He reached home so ill as to be obliged to take immediately to the bed; he recovered, however, so as to be able to perform his duties at the church on the following Sabbath. The next Sabbath he fulfilled an engagement at Charleton; went in an open carriage, and came very near freezing to death; from the effects of this chill he never recovered. "I have," said he in a letter, "been at the very gate of death. In going to Charleton, I was so nearly frozen as to be insensible; yet when I got there and warm enough to feel again, I preached, not very well, but as well as I could. I have been sick ever since—I have not got thoroughly warm yet—fire has lost all its power over me; it will burn me but will not warm me. I hope to get rid of this sensation of numbness, of deadness, though I can not hope to be ever really any better. The folks here do not know how sick I am—how awfully I suffer. I do not want to put them to

trouble, as I should if I should tell them. It is but a little while that I can live at this poor, dying rate; and I will be strong and bear it alone. My faith is strong; my hope unwavering; God will sustain me; all within is at peace. Strange as it may seem, God's goodness appears to me more manifestly the more I suffer. Before I was afflicted I went astray; but now do I know thy statutes, and love thy ways, O Lord. So do I feel. Give yourself no uneasiness, therefore—all is well."

He continued to decline so rapidly, that when the next Sabbath arrived he was unable to go to church, or even to leave the house. He thought, however, if he were only in the church he could preach at least one discourse. As soon as he should commence, he said, he should feel strong, and be able to go through with the services; and it was a pity to have the people come together and not have a service; and he asked them, begged of them to carry him to the church and let him try if he could not deliver a discourse. They refused to grant his request, and rightly enough, for he was unable to sit up more than an hour at a time. Still he seemed to be feel wounded because they would not do it, on account of the disappointment which he thought the congregation would experience in not having a service. This was on the 3d of March.

Mr. Griswold always, after the attendance of Dr. Morrison, had a strong aversion to the medical profession, though he had since cautiously received the prescriptions of several

physicians. He was now appealed to, to know what physician should be called. Not any, was his reply ; and no persuasion could induce him to consent to be visited by a physician. Medicine, he said, was powerless ; it might produce pain, but could bring him no relief. He had tested the virtue of all kinds of medicines ; and to repeat it again now, would only be a useless and perhaps painful experiment. He was willing to listen to the counsel of medical men, but not to take their prescriptions.

On Monday he was more comfortable ; breathed more easily ; appetite seemed measurably to return, and the morbid drowsiness of the previous day to pass off. His mind was more cheerful and active.

Tuesday found him still more comfortable ; he exercised a little in reading, but his cough so troubled him that he could not read aloud. He wrote however the conclusion to a sermon.

Wednesday was a clear and brilliant day, and he felt very bright and cheerful. He wrote a long letter on business, at the conclusion of which he says,—“ I am as cheerful and happy as a bird to-day. The sun is so bright and warm as to give me new life. I am sick, it is true, but I am happy also. A day or two, and I shall be prostrate again, no doubt ; but I will rejoice while the day lasts.”

Thursday proved his language to be prophetic, for he was very poorly during the whole day—suffered much from coughing and keen rheumatic pains.

Friday.—Not much improved from yesterday, only that his cough was less severe.

Saturday found him far more comfortable again; he felt quite vigorous, though still unable to be up more than half the time. He was resolved on preaching on the coming Sabbath, and having no discourse prepared, he set at work and wrote one. The labor was too much—it did him injury.

Sunday.—Not so well; but prepared himself and with the assistance of some friends, walked to the church—a few rods only—and performed the morning service. Pale and feeble, he stood there, and, with a tremulous voice, delivered in a most impressive manner, a discourse plenary of the purest faith and devotion. Said one of his hearers to me, “as he stood there speaking so fervently and touchingly, he seemed more an angel than a man. Yet he was a man on the very verge of the grave!” When he returned to the house he was so much exhausted, that his friends labored earnestly to persuade him from his resolution to preach again in the afternoon; but he would not be persuaded; “let me preach,” said he with deep feeling, “it may be the last time.” Finding their efforts unavailing, they assisted him to the church again and into the pulpit. So feeble was he that he could not stand without assistance, and supported himself during the exercises by holding on to the desk with his hands. The congregation say he never preached so well; he seemed almost inspired, and to feel that it was the last time

he should address them. The blood crimsoned slightly his death-pale cheek, while his voice was so feeble and tremulous as even of itself to be pathetic. Yet he was earnest and thrilling. After the descriptions which have been given me of that last public religious service, performed by our lamented friend, I can not refrain from quoting here the language of the Western poetess, as more or less applicable to him on that occasion.

"He spake, and it seemed that his statue-like form
Expanded and glowed as his spirit grew warm—
His tone so impassioned, so melting his air,
As touched with compassion, he ended his prayer;
His hands clasped before him, his blue orbs upthrown,
Still pleading for sins that were never his own;
While that mouth, where such sweetness ineffable clung,
Still spoke, though expression had died on his tongue.

O God! what emotions the speaker awoke!
A mortal he seemed—yet a deity spoke;
A man—yet so far from humanity riven!
On earth—yet so closely connected with heaven!
How oft in my fancy I've pictured him there,
As he stood in that triumph of passion and prayer,
With his eyes closed in rapture—their transient eclipse
Made bright by the smiles, that illumined his lips.

Such language as his I may never recall;
But his theme was salvation—salvation to all;
And the souls of a thousand in ecstasy hung
On the manna-like sweetness that dropped from his tongue;
Not alone on the ear his wild eloquence stole;
Enforced by each gesture it sank to the soul,
Till it seemed that an angel had brightened the sod,
And brought to each bosom a message from God."

It was his last sermon; at the close he was

conducted to the house, so overcome by his exertion in the pulpit, as to excite much alarm for his life during the following night. Nothing unusual, however, occurred, though he was very feeble and restless.

Monday.—He was a little recovered from his extreme exhaustion, otherwise not much change from the preceding day.

Tuesday.—More comfortable, but troubled with turns of coughing and nausea.

Wednesday.—Cough much increased—turns of deathly nausea and severe vomitings. He still declined to have a physician called, or to have any one sit up with him during the night. His time, he said, was not yet.

Thursday.—Much worse every way ; his cough more severe ; breathing very short and hard ; turns of nausea more frequent, and the pains in almost every part of his system more acute. But he was patient and even cheerful, under all these things.

Friday.—No change only for the worse.—Those who had the care of him, now began to be much alarmed for his life. Yet he murmured not ; and, during all his sufferings, he seemed to want nothing, and to ask for nothing, except now and then a little food or drink.

Saturday.—Still declining, and no longer able to sit up except for a very few minutes. On this day he wrote me the following brief letter, with a hand so trembling as scarcely to make it legible :—

“Dear brother:—Ah me ! I am 'most gone.

I am unable to sit up any longer, save five minutes or so. What the issue will be, God only knoweth—death I have no doubt—so at least I hope, for then my sorrows will all be ended. I send you the enclosed receipt, so that, if I go as I expect, all will be right.—Death hath no terrors—no, it even looks pleasant to me. But I am weak—too far gone—I can not write. Yet I am strong. My hand trembles—but my soul is steady. We shall meet again. Farewell. W. H. G.

“Dudley, March 16th, 1844.”

These were the last words he wrote, and in view of the circumstances under which they were written, are full of meaning. During the day he continued to grow weaker, and the following night was a very painful one; he suffered extremely, but without a word of complaining.

Sunday.—His physical sufferings seemed to have done their work and ceased. He was comparatively easy and quiet—much disposed to sleep. He conversed but little, but retained his reason perfectly, and continued steadfast in his religious faith. Change here would have brought pangs worse than death. His faith was born on the sick bed, and was all-sufficient on the bed of death.

Monday.—Still growing weaker; free from pain; continued to be sleepy; in the course of the day lost his voice, so as to be able to speak only in a low whisper. He was conscious that his end was very near, but was perfectly calm. He felt not a single terror. How mighty is

the Gospel faith! In this situation, without any apparent change, he remained until about 8 o'clock in the evening, when alterations were perceived which indicated that death had laid his cold hand upon him. His breathing became shorter and his whisper fainter. For a few moments his mind seemed to wander, but he soon again answered the questions put to him readily and correctly. He expressed a strong desire to see his absent friends, and it would have been very gratifying to him could they have been present. He was in the midst of friends, kind and true; but they were not the friends to whom his affections had been linked, by the intercourse and experience of many years; and they are those whom we would have with us when we come to die—to whom we can open our bosoms and breathe our most secret thoughts.

Some questions were put to him with regard to his business affairs,—what he wished to have done. "Give every one his due," he replied; "do justice to all; render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are his." They then said to him, that they thought him dying. He turned his eyes affectionately upon them, as though he would say, "I am happy now, farewell;" and smiled calmly, sweetly; his colorless lips moved—but there was no sound—he was speechless. One look as though he was triumphing, and his lips moved as if in prayer; after which he immediately fell asleep; in this state he remained until 11 o'clock, when he calmly ex-

pired. Thus passed away from the scenes of his labors and sufferings, the REV. WILLIAM HENRY GRISWOLD, on the 18th day of March, 1844, aged 30 years, 5 months, and 22 days.*

His funeral took place on the Thursday following, when he was followed to the grave by a large concourse of people. He lies in the grave-yard on Dudley Hill, a short distance from the church, in which he closed his ministry. He lived well, and died well. *Requiescat in pace.*

* I have found in a note to one of his sermons, this remark: "Written on my birth-day, September 26th," which I had not seen when the first chapter was written.

CHAPTER VIII.

In this sketch it has been my aim, thus far, to make its lamented subject, as far as possible, communicate himself to the understanding and sympathies of the reader.* To this end I have employed all those portions of his letters in my possession, which I felt at liberty to make public. Many of them contain too frequent personal allusions, to admit of being used without prejudice. Excellent letters they are; filled with brilliant thoughts; all alive with feeling, or eloquent with the touching music of sorrow; but still so interwoven with references and comments respecting various other persons, as to render them liable to misconstruction—and reluctantly I have laid them aside. But those I have inserted, how little did he think when writing them, breathing out his feelings in all the confidence of friendship, that he was preparing a mirror, from which to reflect his own character upon

* I confidently expected to receive information from some of Mr. Griswold's friends, and to be permitted the use of the letters they have received from him, at least such of them as were not strictly private; but I regret to say, that, with a single and unimportant exception, all requests for these favors have been wholly disregarded.

the hearts of his fellow beings. Yet what is more interesting, and instructive withal, than the free, unstudied letters of a sincere heart, especially when they reveal its own trials and triumphs.

It now remains to offer a few remarks on the character of our departed friend. And in attempting any additional remarks on this subject, I confess, I feel some embarrassment.—He was my friend, and attachment is singularly apt to conceal faults and exaggerate virtues—to put the best possible coloring on every picture. Besides, in the preceding chapters, there are frequent allusions to, and sometimes quite particular illustrations of, prominent traits in his character, so that he must already stand pretty distinctly before the reader's mind. It will hardly be possible to speak of his character, therefore, without being guilty of more or less repetition. But there are some features which ought, in justice to the departed one, to be made a little more prominent—to be more distinctly and fully stated;—and I can not forbear, even though I repeat myself, attempting, in my humble manner, to place, in some respects, the character of Mr. Griswold more clearly and fully before the reader.

I begin with his faults. He had them; he was imperfect; it were folly to assert him to be an exception among all his erring race; like other men he had passions, and was tempted—appetites, and no doubt was led astray, sometimes, by them. That he was excitable,

easily moved, quick, is unquestionable. In the early part of his life, he was what is usually termed a passionate man. Nature had filled his veins with a fiery tide; and it needed but a touch, to kindle a flame. And when excited by passion, he dealt in the most withering, scathing terms, smiting to the very earth like the lightning flash. Against this strong element in his nature, he maintained a constant warfare for years; he at length so subdued it as to have it under perfect control, and certainly deserves the victor's crown,—“He that ruleth himself is better than he that taketh a city.” I said he brought it under perfect control; it was so during the last year or two of his life; before that a sudden excitement would throw him off his guard, and for a moment he would be hasty, imprudent, rash, perhaps. This passionate quality in his disposition, cost him many pangs of regret, many hours of sad repentance, and many awful struggles, before he got the mastery of it. It is not improbable that his physical health exercised some influence on its excitability and strength. I mention this as one of his great failings, because many of his friends so regarded it and frequently spoke of it, and so indeed it was until late towards the close of life. I would not conceal it; but I record with pleasure his complete triumph over it, and present him as, in this respect, a noble example for imitation.

He was sensitive too. By this I mean, was easily wounded in his feelings. Something of

this has been seen in some of the preceding chapters. An act of injustice or disrespect, however slight or trivial, penetrated his heart deeply—smote, as with a rude hand, all the strings on the minor key in the harp of the soul; and the trickling blood from the deep wound, fell amidst the saddest music chanted in the sacred temple of thought. When in company he would shut his eyes to the wound; but as soon as he was alone his emotions manifested themselves in deep grievings, and now and then a tear, coursing, solitary, down his cheek. He had not many tears, else it would have been a pleasure, because a relief, to weep. This affection caused him untold anguish. Those things which excited anger, affected him not half so deeply or lastingly.—When the storm was past, all was clear sunshine and soft air again; he cherished no resentment; he was incapable of it, utterly; he was instantly as cordial as ever; even though there had been some provocation, he had done wrong, he knew it, he felt it, and he cast it all from him as an evil thing, to be hated—forgotten—not cherished. But wounded feelings, oh they are not to be so lightly or rashly dealt with. When the heart is hurt, it is not in the head to still its aching with a brief command. So he felt. Still he realized that all this was a sad defect, that needed to be, and must be remedied. He would not have his feelings obtuse, dead; he would have them acute, alive; but not as they were, so sensitive as not to bear the slightest touch from the

finger of an unkind hand, without quivering with anguish. He resolved; but a long labor was necessary to carry the resolution into effect. But it was done. He toiled till he established a correct tone in all his feelings; and the virtue was only the more precious for the years of labor which it cost. He lived, however, to enjoy his victory but a little season; for in the hour of triumph, as it were, he passed away. But the lesson to us is, that he conquered his fault before death conquered him.

He was satirical. A deep, ineradicable disposition to satire was implanted in his nature. In treating of error or vice, of customs or habits, or any thing except the truth, he frequently adopted satire as the most convenient mode, as well as the most effective.—His first sermons were full of it—keen oftentimes as a two-edged sword. It was, however, all satire with him, and not sarcasm; for he seldom breathed any scorn or contempt into even his severest representations. He descended to sarcasm only when excited by abuse or ridicule, of that cast which hit his passions and not his tender feelings. But his propensity to satirize, did him frequent injury. Where he was not well known and his real character understood, he was often misjudged, and a wrong and injurious estimate formed of his religious feelings. Of this he became sensible about two years before his death, and ever after avoided using it as much as possible. His increasing devotional feelings also disposed him to the same course. But not

entirely did he lay it aside—though he made every effort to do so—and it is accordingly perceptible in some of his latest sermons ; not so marked and pungent, but still there. Satire is seldom a profitable weapon ; it generally wounds more than it heals ; and least of all should it be employed in the pulpit. Reason and persuasion, plain truth and simple love, are far more effective ; and if they *do* fail, they never produce a contrary effect from the one intended. These he employed ; but he too frequently added the other also. And I may add as certain—if satire *is* a useful weapon, it must have been so in his hands, for he was a perfect master of it.

Mr. Griswold possessed an original mind, and endowed with strong active powers. He was a thinker—thought for himself and uttered what he thought. He was never satisfied with taking things upon the mere assertion of another ; and every subject, for which he had the means, he investigated for himself. He did not doubt other men's honesty, but only regarded them as liable to err. To satisfy one's own mind is the best philosophy, and this requires a personal attention to every subject treated. So he felt and did, earnestly and fearlessly.

As a reasoner he was usually clear and logical ; his power of discrimination was exceedingly acute ; his perception of analogies quick and accurate, and his judgment of premises critically correct ; so that he was an opponent extremely difficult to manage. He

delighted in argumentation ; it was to him the most agreeable pastime ; it kept, he said, his invention from becoming rusty. And for this kind of exercise he was never unprepared. In his sermons he was plain, direct and conclusive ; there was no parade, no bluster, no display for effect, but an earnest endeavor to present, in an intelligible form and forcible manner, the subject which he brought before the people. In conversation with an opponent, he took great pleasure in leading him into contradiction with himself, or difficulty of some kind, by questions so put as to be answered without suspicion. Of this many anecdotes might be given in illustration, but one must suffice—and that with the disadvantage of wanting his peculiar manner in such circumstances. While he was riding in a stage-coach one day, a discussion somehow arose between a lady and some of the other passengers, on the subject of Universalism. The principal defender of the Partialist side of the question, was a Presbyterian deacon, who was exceedingly bitter and abusive in his remarks. He finally turned with an air of triumph, and proposed to submit the question to the passengers respectively, hoping to silence the unfortunate lady by the voice of numbers.—When it was presented to Mr. Griswold for his opinion, he said he would like to ask a few questions before giving it, if the gentleman felt willing to answer them.

Deacon.—“ O certainly, certainly, with the greatest pleasure, Sir.”

Mr. Griswold.—“Will you tell me whether it is the will of God—whether it is his desire that all men, sinful as they are, should be saved?”

Dea.—“Why yes; Paul says God wills to have all men come and be saved; and the prophet says He don’t desire the death of any, but would rather that they would turn and live.”

Mr. G.—Dropping his head forward as though revolving the deacon’s answer, “yes, that is true. But does Jesus desire the salvation of all?”

Dea.—“O yes, ardently; and he came all the way from heaven, that by his sufferings and death he might make it possible for all to be saved. Blessed Redeemer!”

Mr. G.—“Do angels desire the salvation of all?”

Dea.—“Yes, and so strongly that they rejoice over one poor rebel sinner that repents, more than over ninety-nine of the blessed saints who are safe.”

Mr. G.—“And do all good men desire that every one may be saved, and be happy?”

Dea.—“O that is the daily prayer of their hearts; and how they agonize and weep that it might be effected, God only knows!”

Mr. G.—“And is it possible that bad men desire that the whole world may be saved?”

Dea.—“Certainly it is; and they do it, I’ll warrant you; they hope ’twill be so, for then they think they’ll stand a chance of getting to heaven—but they’ll be awfully deceived at last!”

Mr. G.—“Well, what being does not desire the salvation of all mankind; is there any?”

Dea.—“Yes: there is the devil, the old devil, that fallen angel, who goes about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour—he is trying to lead them all down to hell.”

Mr. G.—“Then, my dear friend, the case stands thus: The infinite and holy God desires the salvation of all men; so does the compassionate Jesus, and the blessed angels, and all good men, and even all bad men; but the devil is opposed to it; he alone desires their damnation. Now whose desire will God be most likely to gratify, his own, and Jesus’, and the holy angels’, and all good men’s, and all bad men’s too who need salvation—or the desire of that blood-thirsty, corrupt and wicked devil, who, as you say, is God’s enemy?”

The deacon dropped his head but made no answer, and the discussion here ended.

With error, and sin, and vice in every form, he held no parley; in his treatment of them he was direct and positive, giving utterance to his real convictions with regard to them. He was simple and truthful at heart, and wherever his language is employed, he appears just as he thought and felt on the subject of which he speaks. To him hypocrisy was an utter stranger; he could not dissemble; if he spoke or acted at all, it was in strict obedience to the dictates of his judgment and conscience. Of this trait of character I have never known a more striking example. He

exhibited it in his preaching, in his writings, in social life—everywhere. Of course there could be nothing of what is commonly called policy about him; and he was sometimes censured on account of it; it was thought he was too rigid in his adherence to his own views of right and duty. But such censures had not the shadow of influence over him; he must either do nothing or be himself—there was no compromise in the case.

Y This feature in his character had the effect to keep the circle of his *intimate* friends rather small. Those who had not an eye keen enough to discover, that probity was the ruling principle of his soul, would not readily receive him as a devoted personal friend. The plain and direct manner in which he spoke of both virtues and faults, would, in most cases, be received as an indication of any thing rather than friendship. But he knew no other way to speak; he could not be false to himself, even when placed where to be either silent or speak the *truth*, would deprive him of a professed friend. Yet he was honored and respected by all who knew him. There was a sincerity and frankness in his manner, which commanded regard and confidence. His heart was open, and open to all men; he concealed nothing, not even his faults; he was altogether truthful, and *appeared* just what he was. Whoever truly knew him, understood him, loved him. Truth always commands the affections of the human heart; when seen in her beauty, she must ever be deeply loved.

He was truly humble in his feelings and in his manners. Meekness was discoverable in his very countenance. Unpretending and unaffected, he felt and conducted with the simplicity of a child. Ostentation, pride, pedantry, were qualities to which his heart was an utter stranger. For a man of his parts, natural and acquired, he was an example of singular humility. Indeed, he did not appreciate himself, nor the actual influence which he exerted. I never knew him to speak confidently of his abilities ; and he always regarded the attention which was given to his writings and the praise bestowed on his discourses, as expressions of kindness and charity towards him, and not as merited tributes to his talents. No success which ever attended his efforts, ever satisfied him that he had done even well ; for what was praised in him, would, he thought, be considered as ordinary, if not really poor, in almost any other man. But he did not envy others ; he rejoiced in their gifts and success, and was truly grateful for his own and the success which attended their exercise. What beauty and loveliness does humility impart to the human soul ; and yet while we all admire it, how few of us cultivate it ! Such a bundle of contradictions is man !

As a speaker he was plain, used but little gesture, made no parade, but still was earnest. In the delivery of a sermon, his feelings always became deeply engaged ; and as he grew warm his eyes brightened and sparkled, and the excited blood slightly tinged his pale

cheeks, while an occasional tear came up, glistened a moment, and dashed down his face. His voice was feeble, a little tremulous, and, towards the close of his life, very monotonous. There was in it a tone of sadness, like the breathings of a heart that is just waking from a night of sorrow. This imparted to pathetic passages in his sermons, a power to touch and move the heart, which it was not easy to resist. He was an effective and profitable preacher.

With his patience as a sufferer, his zeal as a Christian, and his perseverance under the the most difficult and discouraging circumstances, the reader is already so well acquainted, as to render any further remarks unnecessary. O that all might drink in largely of the spirit, of which, in these respects, he was so distinguished and worthy an example !

Few men are more industrious and active than was Mr. Griswold. Procrastination stole no time from him. Whatever he found to do he did promptly ; and by that means had time enough to do a great deal, that most men, with health and strength, never do for want of time. It was seldom a Sabbath found him without several discourses on hand. This resulted from his practice of arranging and committing his thoughts to paper as soon as possible, and certainly while they were yet fresh and interesting to him. If in reading or conversation a good subject was suggested to his mind, he immediately set at work and prepared a sermon on it. He never went hunting a sub-

ject; there were always enough suggested, and as he seldom lost one that was brought within his reach, he always had an abundance at his service. He said with regard to himself, what, I think, is true of almost every man, that when a topic was presented to his mind proper for a sermon, and he became interested in it, if he made merely a brief note of it and laid it aside until a more convenient season, he was quite sure never to prepare a discourse on it; he could never feel the same interest in it again; it ever after appeared in the distance, floating in the shadows of memory, and disposed him rather to a dreamy listlessness than to effective action. Besides, he regarded the putting off of such work, with the promise to do it at a more convenient time, as laying the foundation of a most lamentable intellectual habit, which would ultimately affect every duty of life—and he never indulged it.

Mr. Griswold was a student, and in books found his most intimate and constant companions. Those works which required most thought to read them profitably, pleased him most. He was not without imagination and poetic feeling, but he delighted rather in sober realities, than in the creations of high imaginative genius. He loved flowers indeed, but fruit better. Of poetry, he was the most interested in that which discourses of human nature—which reveals the workings of the human heart. With that which dwells in ideal regions alone, he had but little sympathy.—

Burns he communed with most—almost daily—and had nearly every line of that poet sealed to his memory, Shakespeare came next, and with him he spent many a blissful hour. I have known him sit up when all around had retired, and read these two poets, until he became so excited as to be unable to keep his seat, and rise and walk the floor for an hour, reciting with the strongest emotions passages from their pages.

But I must close this brief sketch of my lamented friend. His virtues deserved a better and more enduring memorial, than they have here received at my hand. They indeed have a better one in the hearts of his friends, for he lives in their affections. He was my friend, tried and true. In the darkest and most trying period of my life, he was my companion, by day and by night, for many, many months. Often have we wept together. Our hearts were one, as were our sorrows and our joys. With him I have passed some of the most blessed hours that have fallen to my lot. I knew him all, his virtues and his faults, his trials and his triumphs. As a man he was sterling, talented, noble, generous, ever ready to oblige, and full of affection, kindness, and charity. As a Christian he was strong in faith, unwavering in hope, practical in piety, and an example of good works. While he lived I loved him—and wept when he died. But we shall meet again

“Where bright angels’ plumes are folded o’er the peaceful brow and breast ;

Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary
are at rest."

I close with the following poetical tributes
to the memory of Mr. Griswold,—for which
the authors will accept my thanks,—and the
prayer, that his short but eventful and useful
life, may impress its numerous lessons upon
the reader's heart and life.

ELEGaic STANZAS

TO THE MEMORY OF REV. W. H. GRISWOLD.

By Thomas L. Harris.

"God did anoint thee with his odorous oil
To wrestle——then to reign."—Miss BARRETT.

Oh wail o'er thy harp-strings, fair daughter of Zion!
Encircle with cypress thy beautiful head;
Thy Hero, thy Pride, with the soul of the lion,
In the spring-tide of life has gone down to the dead.
His lily-crowned spirit before the high altar,
Breathed out the rich chant and the rapturous prayer;
But Death stilled the true heart that never could falter,
And hushed his clear voice on the passionless air.

Oh wail the sad dirge-note, for he who has perished,
Was circled with glory and might from above;
And warm in his heart's core he tenderly cherished
The faith of his Master, the Gospel of love.
In life, 'twas of sweetness and beauty the dower,—
It wakened high music from bosom and lyre;
In death, it put forth its omnipotent power
And bore him triumphant on pinions of fire.

When God filled his chalice from sorrow's red chrism,
To drink its cold waters he counted no loss:
His soul sang sweet psalms in the body's dark prison,
Beholding in vision the Saviour and cross,
Till strengthened with power from sufferance given,
Through tempest and foemen he fearlessly trod,
And made the blue dome of the limitless heaven
Resound with the Truth and the Promise of God.

But now he has gone with the good and the loving,
The saint and the martyr departed before;
And unto this world of the living and moving,
Our sorrow and love may recall him no more.
The flock of his pasture—no more may he lead them
Where Sharon's bright roses are peerless in bloom:
The lambs of the fold—ne'er again may he feed them
With manna from heaven—he has gone to the tomb.

In Zion below there is wailing and sadness,
Pale mourners weep over his clay in its rest.
In Zion above there are anthems of gladness;
His plumes scatter brilliance—he reigns with the blest.
Oh, true Heart, transfigured in splendor immortal!
Thy cross is exchanged for the gloriolæ now:
Blest brother, crowned seraph, smile down from the portal,
And Earth shall glow warm with the bliss of thy brow!

STANZAS

TO THE MEMORY OF REV. W. H. GRISWOLD.

By Mrs. Charlotte A. Jerauld.

With cypress garments let the lyre be hung,
And Zion's daughter wail for the departed.
To mournful cadence should the chord be strung—
A requiem for the good and gentle-hearted.

Weep for the faithful follower of Christ,
Who nobly labored in his high vocation ;
Who from his duty never was enticed,
But meekly spurned earth's wildest temptation.

Weep for the valiant soldier of the Cross,
In whose true soul the dove and serpent blended ;
Who, counting earthly vanities but dross,
Bravely the altars of his faith defended.

For *him* ! ah wherefore should one tear of grief
Sully the brightness of his spirit's heaven—
Why should we murmur that his course was brief!—
Weep—but, oh, never that *his* chains are riven !

Weep for the flock who need his gentle hand
Beside life's crystal-flowing streams to lead them ;
And for the tender lambs who, waiting, stand
For the kind shepherd that was wont to feed them.

Weep not for him ! for he has bade adieu
To mortal cares—his battles all are ended ;—
And with the names of Christ's apostles true,
Thy hallowed memory, Griswold ! shall be blended.

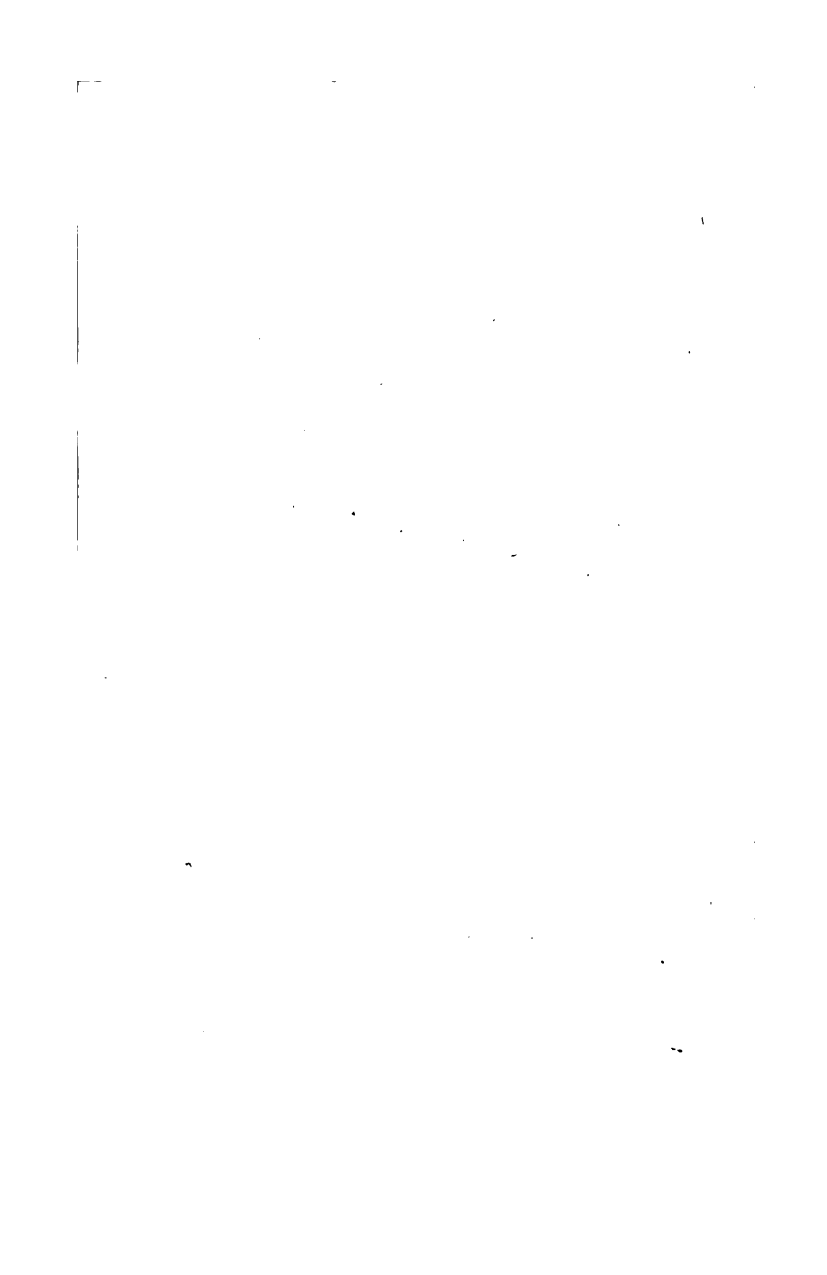
In that blest land with glorious beauty rife,
Thy shrunken frame no more shall cause thee sorrow;
Disease and pain, which marred thy earthly life,
No thought from thy pure spirit's bliss shall borrow.
There, brave and fearless champion of Truth,
In her clear sunlight shall thy spirit revel;
Bathe in the fountain of immortal youth,
And find, with glorious souls, thy proper level.

SONNET

ON THE DEATH OF REV. W. H. GRISWOLD.

By Thomas L. Harris.

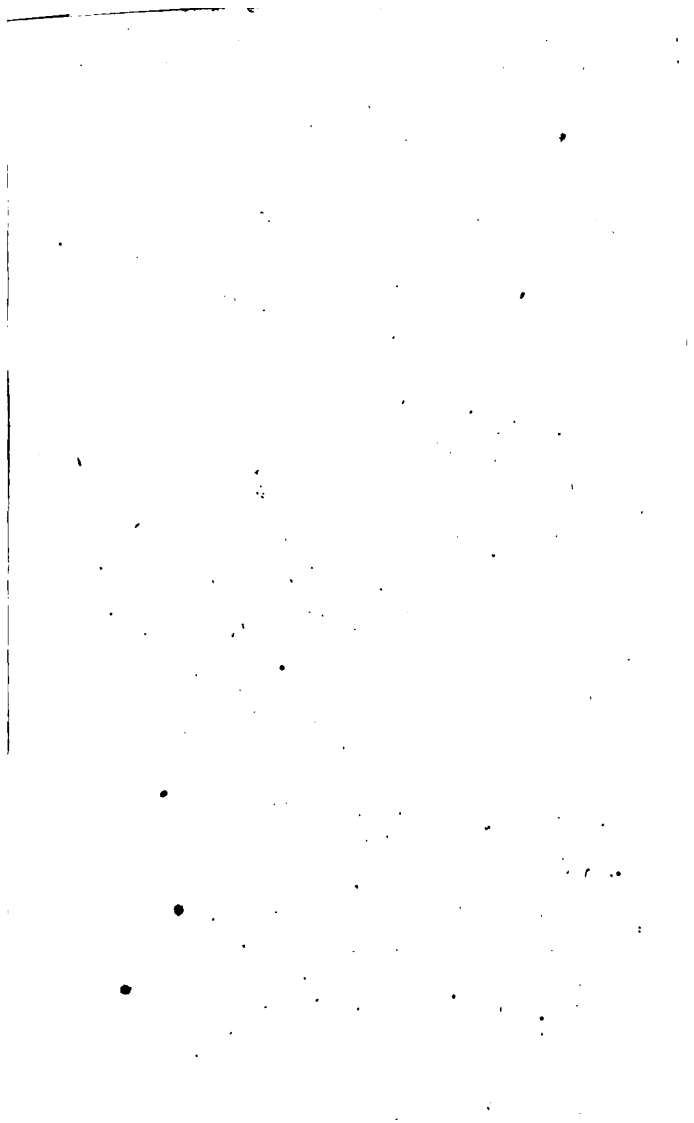
I marked an eagle on the lofty mountain :
The earliest sunbeam kissed the radiant height,
Before him rose a glimmering silver fountain,
Around lay isles and oceans bathed in light,
The broad empyrean arched above his sight ;
One glance upon that upper deep he threw,
Then plumed his pinions with a proud delight,
And soared away through heaven's unfathomed blue.
Thus, Griswold ! when the world around thee lay,
Lit by the dawn of Truth's transcendent day,
And clearest vision to the Mind was given ;
Spurning the base companionship of clay,
It cast the weary weeds of time away,
And soared aloft to dwell in God's unshadow'd heaven !



100

100

100





800888.G786

Biography of Rev. W. H. Griswold /
Andover-Harvard

000874831



3 2044 077 901 015

